The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF FLIRTING.

A Theatrical Advance Agent Thrashed by His Jealous Wife.

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13 WEEKS 13

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OUR MOTTO,
"BE JUST AND FEARLESS."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. K. (Hackney).—You are wrong. The Marquis of Queensberry's Rules provide for bouts of three rounds each, the first and second rounds to be of three minutes' duration, and the third to be of four minutes, and contests to be decided on points. The Marquis of Queensberry's Rules for endurance provide for three-minute rounds, and men arranging a match can agree as to how many rounds shall be contested.

T. D. (Frizington).—You can communicate with Mr. John Fleming at the National Sporting Club, Covent Garden, London.

J. B. (Liverpool).—Your communication reached us too late for last week's issue.

J. B. A. (Ogmore).—Yes, by Dominick McCaffrey, in four rounds, at Madison Square Garden, New York City, but the decision was not an honest one. Mitchell certainly had the best of the bout, as all good judges present were free to acknowledge.

READER (West-end).—Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, was allowed £40 for expenses by the club to come to this country and fight John O'Brien. He has never received lessons in boxing, and only acquired his knowledge of the game by meeting all comers for two years in the States.

M. W. (Morecambe).—Martin Denny has returned to Australia. Tom Denny can be addressed care of this office.

INQUIRER (Kennington).—He was never champion swimmer of America, neither has he been a success as a boxer or athlete.

J. S. L. (Chislehurst).—You are right. It was Frank Craig you saw, because he is in training at Eltham, and frequently walks through your town on his training trips.

X. Y. (Aberdeen).—If you experience any difficulty in procuring THE MIRROR OF LIFE every Thursday, send us 2s. 8d., and we will forward you the paper, post free, for thirteen weeks.

H. S. (Liverpool).—J. J. Corbett was photographed by Wallery, of Regent Street, London, in various positions. He ordered a large quantity, but believe he never called for them. We published his life and battles, and will send you a copy on receipt of one shilling.

ATHLETE.—Send us your portrait and record.

CONYBEARE.—Albert Chevalier was born in 1856 near London. His father was a Parisian, while his mother was of Welsh extraction. He first appeared in a boy's part, when but ten years of age, under the Kendals.

J. H. W. (Leeds).—See elsewhere in these columns.

CONSTANT READER (Limerick).—Jack Hickey was beaten by Bob Fitzsimmons in three rounds, at Newark, New Jersey, September 5, 1893.

B. T. (Cardiff).—We don't publish the book you speak of.

D. F. W. (Manchester).—Thomas Webster, Brandon Club, 90, Argyle Street, Glasgow, can supply you with life-size portraits of Ted Pritchard and George Johnson.

W. B. (Govan).—Jack E. Dempsey beat George Le Blanche, the Marine, in thirteen rounds, with skin-tight gloves, near New York City, March 14, 1886, for 3,500 dollars and the middle-weight championship of America. They met again with four-ounce gloves at the California Athletic Club, in San Francisco, August 27, 1889, at catch weight, for a purse of 5,500 dollars. Thirty-two rounds were fought, all in favour of Dempsey, who had the fight well in hand when Le Blanche dealt him a "pivot" blow on the chin. It knocked Dempsey out of time. Dempsey lost the middle-weight championship when he met Bob Fitzsimmons.

C. W. (London).—We were right. Corbett and Jackson fought for a 10,000dol. purse at the California Athletic Club, in San Francisco, May 21, 1891. In the sixtieth round Hiram Cook, the referee, ordered the men to fight and end the battle if they expected to receive the purse. Not a blow was struck in the sixty-first round, and the referee then entered the ring and declared it was apparent that "the men could not go on to a satisfactory finish, and, under the circumstances, he would declare it 'no contest,' and unless the directors chose to give the men something, under the articles they signed they couldn't demand a cent of the 10,000dols. They signed to fight to a finish and didn't do it." The purse was not divided, but the club retained 5,000dols., and gave Corbett and Jackson 2,500dols. each for their services.

P. M. C. (Glasgow).—Peter Maher was beaten by Bob Fitzsimmons in twelve rounds, at New Orleans, in 1892.

GRASSHOPPER (Hull).—Bob Fitzsimmons is 42½in. round the chest; J. J. Corbett measures the same, according to the statement of the physicians who examined both men.

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, coloured middle-weight champion of the world, and Ted Pritchard, middle-weight champion of the United Kingdom, will fight for supremacy at Central Hall, Holborn, next Monday night. Both men have trained carefully for the contest, which should be one of the most brilliant ever decided in Great Britain. That Ted Pritchard is a remarkable pugilist no one can deny, and his career within the roped arena has indeed been one he may well be proud of. He has taken on all comers irrespective of size or colour, and, with the exception of his meeting with Jem Hall, he has invariably come off victorious. If he were carefully trained he could fight as low as 10st 12lb, and at that weight or up to 11st we should freely declare that no man in the world would have more than the off chance of defeating him. When he takes on the Coffee Cooler, however, he will find himself opposed by one of the biggest framed middle-weights he ever set eyes on. Besides, Craig is equally as clever, can hit harder, and has an advantage of height and reach in his favour. Under the circumstances we are inclined to believe that the dusky warrior will come out of the international contest a winner. It is doubtful if the mill lasts ten rounds, because both are fast fighters, and will lose no time in getting down to business when time is called.

* * *

THE general public appear to favour the English champion's chances, and well they might upon the performances he has accomplished in the past, but in Craig we have a man who has made a vast improvement in his fighting ability since coming here last September, and is to-day one of the most magnificent specimens of manhood that ever pulled off a shirt. His colour has been the only stumbling block which has prevented his becoming the middle-weight champion of America, and in the event of his victory over Pritchard he will then be in a position to demand a hearing from any man he may choose to seek a fight with. Steve O'Donnell, Dan Creedon, and many of the other tip-toppers in the States have undertaken to stop Craig in four rounds, but in the coloured champion they found a customer who could give more gruel than he received, and each in turn were only too glad to hear the call of time at the end of the fourth round.

* * *

DUMMY WINTERS has put himself in rather an unenviable position, through no fault of his own. He met one George Smith in a limited round bout at Central Hall, and happened by chance to plant in a blow which fractured Smith's jaw. The unfortunate man visited the hospital and had his injury attended to. Through carelessness he contracted a severe cold, and the result is that he died on Monday afternoon last. Smith failed to inform the physician that he had his jaw broken only recently in a boxing contest at another establishment; consequently Winters is forced to accept all the blame. It is evident that Smith's precarious condition has been due to his own carelessness, and we therefore sympathise with Winters for the inconvenience he is being put to.

* * *

PROMOTERS of sparring bouts should exercise better judgment in selecting men to do battle. Many of those who are engaged to appear are in either a half-starved condition or well saturated with fourpenny ale, and are unable to receive any punishment without running the risk of fatal injury. A well-trained pugilist can accept a severe pounding without the risk of a serious result, but one who has only been half-fed or is under the influence of liquor is apt to lapse into unconsciousness from an ordinary jolt; for that reason a considerable amount of judgment should be exercised in selecting a man to engage in anything more than an exhibition set-to.

* * *

"WAG" HARDING has finally goaded Tom Sullivan into making a match for the English sculling championship, and we should judge that the Tyne course would be very much in favour of the New Zealander. The race will be productive of a vast amount of interest in aquatic circles, and considerable money will be wagered on the result.

* * *

JUDGING from the form Peter Jackson displays in his exhibition bouts, we should say that the coloured heavy-weight champion is not the great fighter he was when he took on Frank Slavin.

* * *

THE city of Jacksonville has repealed the ordinance permitting glove contests to be held there, and James J. Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons will therefore be forced to accept a different location for their match. Corbett labours under the impression that the members of the Duval Athletic Club will find some method of avoiding the law when the proper time comes, but they will find themselves very much mistaken if they think they can again hoodwink the authorities in that state.

* * *

J. H. TYERS, the swimming phenomenon has given a satisfactory explanation of his swimming at Stockport, where he was beaten on the post by Derbyshire in a 300 yards handicap, and the executive committee have decided to permit him to remain in the amateur ranks. He is without question the fastest swimmer in the world, and his loss from the amateur ranks would indeed be a severe one, and would have a tendency to detract a considerable amount of public interest from that branch of sport.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE."

DURING the past week the following well-known sports have visited THE MIRROR OF LIFE office: Charles Mitchell, Tom Denny, of Australia, Arthur Callan, Frank Hinde, Fred Johnson, Dick Burge, Jem Mace, Walter Butler, Dave Gough, Bert Smith, Dave Isaacs, Joe Harris, Jack Gorman, E. R. Hardie, H. W. Wells, sporting editor Cardiff *Evening Mail*, Tim Sullivan, George Johnson, Alf Standbrook, George Aldridge, of the Rising Sun, Frank P. Slavin, Bill Hullett.

MISS SILLIGURL (sobbing): "I think it's awful mean. That horrid Jones girl has been saying that I paint."

Miss Meanneese: "Never mind, dear. I guess if she had your complexion she'd paint too."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF FLIRTING.

A Theatrical Advance Agent Thrashed by His Jealous Wife.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A GOOD story is told at the expense of a leading theatrical advance agent who has been connected with some of the leading dramatic enterprises. It is claimed that in booking a provincial tour he had with him his wife, who possessed an extremely jealous disposition. While stopping at a hotel in the North he became infatuated with an attractive table-girl, and found delight in spending considerable time in the dining-room. On the eve of his departure he gave the young woman a pass for the show which he represented, and accompanied the offer of the ticket with a pat on the fair one's chin. His wife happened to come in just as he was wrapt up in a conversation, and therefore advanced unperceived. She hastily raised her umbrella and let it descend upon her husband's shoulders, ordering him to leave the dining-room at once. This he did, to the enjoyment of the other guests who happened to be present.

SPOTTED THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR.

Dames who Toiled in the Interests of Temperance.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Ottawa, Canada, it is considered quite a disgrace to be seen entering a public-house, and some of the swells make it a practice to step into such resorts without being seen by people whom they know. The members of the Temperance League have adopted quite a novel and effective plan to keep the men from indulging in liquor at a public bar. The dames who are enthusiastic in bringing about a reform invade the entrances of the various resorts, and write down the names of all whom they see present. The list is then posted in the rooms of the temperance society and gossiped over by the old jades. Now that the affair is becoming generally known the swells manage to satisfy their desires for drink at their homes or the club, and the public-houses complain of a heavy decrease in business.

SAMBO DEMANDED HIS PROPERTY.

An Episode Between Two of the Coloured Gentry in a Church.

(Subject of Illustration.)

"PEOPLE who attend church frequently experience humorous incidents," writes a New York correspondent, "and it was my fortune, when in a Methodist house of worship the other Sunday evening, to witness a most ludicrous scene. In one of the pews sat a gentleman of colour who was paying strict attention to the sermon, when another of the same ilk approached and, grasping hold of the listener's watch guard, extracted a watch, declaring that when he lost it in a poker game a "cold dick" was "rung in." The victim looked amazed and shouted, "Sambo, it might be yo property once, but dis yere chile won it fair, and dawg gone yo fo a squealer; when I gone and cotch ya outside, look out fo dis yere chicken."

COWBOYS ON THE RAMPAGE.

A Texas Greengrocer has his Shop Ramped by Riotous Cowboys.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A GREENGROCER'S shop in Austin, Texas, was invaded recently by a party of riotous cowboys who raised sad havoc with the stock on hand. They brought their horses in to be fed from the counter, racked the shelves of their contents, and wound up by allowing treacle to run over the entire floor. It appears the victim of the outrage had ill-treated one of the cowboys when on a purchasing trip to that town, and they banded together with a view to avenging the wrong. The police were placed upon the trail of the culprits, but they quickly shook the dust of the town from their feet, and made good their escape.

HE PLEADED FOR PROTECTION.

Schoolboys Drive a Master About the Streets for Inhuman Treatment.

(Subject of Illustration.)

IN Fulham there is a schoolmaster who has found pleasure in thrashing the lads upon the slightest provocation, and it became so monotonous that when he had left the schoolhouse the other day the lads undertook to set about him. He started on a run, closely pursued by the youngsters, and had it not been for the timely arrival of a policeman, before whom he knelt on his bended knees and pleaded for protection, he would indeed have fared badly.

MISTRESS: "Bridget, I didn't hear the lunch bell; did you ring it?"

Bridget: "No, ma'am; I could only find the one I rung for breakfast."

LIFE'S MIRRORINGS.

By E. S.

THE PRIG, THE POLICEMAN, AND THE PLUNDER.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

Chapter I.

Thirty years ago! What changes have taken place in London during this period of time, and most of all in its City. Who can now realise that the very house wherein The Mirror of Life is published was then a "wax chandler's" shop, and that the postal business of nearly the whole of Fleet Street and its vicinity was transacted within its portals. As I write I see the wax chandler's ancient servitor, once a feature in Fleet Street, with the old-fashioned linen coverings to his shop coat, dispensing stamps and wax chandlery alternately. A door or two further on towards Ludgate Hill was Black Horse Alley, in which almost all the newsagents of the then newspaper trade had their abiding place, while a little above The Mirror of Life, Strandwards, was Poppin's Court (now a mere fragment), which stretched away to Harp Alley, and which again was intersected by other alleys, all of which exist no longer.

Thirty years ago! West-end fashions had not penetrated eastwards of Temple Bar, and Aldermen served behind their shop counters and lived in the City. Thirty years ago! Holborn Hill was in evidence, and the Viaduct a scheme only contemplated in the dim and distant future; and stretching away from Holborn Hill viâ Victoria Street (now Farringdon Road) were vast tracts of waste land, which extended from Field Lane (immortalised in "Oliver Twist") to Ray Street, where the Clerks of the Well once performed their sacred rites, and gave a parish its name.

The pump gave evidence of one *well* existing in the parish, and young Josh Priggins gave evidence also of another; for Josh was an out-and-out ne'er-do-*well*. The "Well," as the inhabitants termed this ancient parish, was the birthplace of Priggins, and Priggins was determined to do honour to the "Well," whose residents lived in a state of "topsy-turvydom," and did everything ill.

Thirty years ago Josh, then a youth of nineteen, was a fair sample of a "Weller." His face was exceedingly sallow, and his dark hair closely cropped behind was trained to grow in two long locks each side of his ears, and these locks carefully "tucked under" were as much cherished as the love-locks of the ancient Cavaliers and called by the "Wellers" "Newgate knockers." The inhabitants of the "Well" being mostly a free and easy set, followed occupations of an outdoor description—a description which necessitated them to work when obliged and at what best suited their inclinations.

Josh, after running the gamut of various peripatetic and itinerant occupations, had settled into that of a perambulating glazier. He did not carry his tools and glass in a frame on his back after the manner of his German rivals in that line of business, but contented himself with a few useful tools wrapped up in an old piece of leather. Armed with these implements of trade Josh shambled along, his quick, restless black eyes, betokening him a youth ever on the look out for the main chance, glancing right and left for the slightest indication of a pane of glass in a broken or cracked state.

Matrimonial jars were a fruitful source of profit to Josh, frequent scuffles being provocative of broken windows, and in the neighbourhood in which Josh travelled broken heads, broken crockery, and broken windows abounded. When Josh sighted a damaged pane, the result too often of these connubial infelicities, the doors of these houses in fine weather being mostly propped open with a brick or large stone, he would mount the stairs and introduce himself with scarcely the preliminary ceremony of knocking at the door, and ask if the occupant of the room desired the presence of a glazier to mend the cracked or broken pane. If funds were fairly plentiful with the occupant of the room Josh obtained the job. Knocking out the broken glass Priggins succeeded in raising the wind in a double sense. He found, when the wind was rushing in through the enlarged orifice and giving the tenants of the room evidence of its presence, that he was without funds, and must have money to purchase the glass to fill in the vacuum; and it very much depended upon the magnitude of the advanced sum as to Josh's return. More often than not there was an absentee pane and an absentee glazier. Josh, then, was like the ship that never returned.

If a bargain had not been struck, and Josh was in the humour for work, he fixed his own price, and his modus operandi was to select his victim—usually a poor lone woman, Josh taking care that there was no man about the house before he assumed the character of extortioner.

Poor Irish Widow (who out of charity has given Priggins a job): "Well, me bhoy, and phat do I owe yez?"

"Two shillings to you, mother."

This for a pane of glass of the value of sixpence.

"Yer joking, sure, honey."

"Not a bit of it. There's the putty and the labour, and the buying and fetching the glass. Now then, mother, fork out, or else I'll take this on account," seizing a large metal crucifix from off the mantelshelf.

"Oh, yer paygan! Yer haythen! Yer thaif of the worrild! May the Lord punish yez. Take yer dhirty hands off the blessed crucifix that my poor Phelim died clasping. Oh, it's a dhirty Saxon yez are, to try and chate a poor widdy. Put the blessed cross back now, or may the devil seize yez!"

"Not to-day, mother. Money down, or I'm off. This thing," alluding to the metal crucifix, "will fetch me more than a couple of bob in the scale."

Frightened at Josh Priggin's attempted rape of the crucifix, the widow searches for her little hoard (the poor have a horrible dread of being buried by the parish, and suffer all kinds of privations to preserve a sum sufficient to pay funeral expenses intact), which having found, she proceeds to abstract the required coins from a rag in which some money is tied.

"Take it, you dhirty thaif," handing Josh the coins, "and may yez never have another day's luck or grace."

Josh, whose rapacity was excited by the sight of the rag and the money, replied to the widow's harangue by the seizure of her little store, and, leaving the shrieking woman more dead than alive in her horror at the theft, hurried down the flight of stairs and into the street.

In the street Priggins met an old comrogue, to whom he related the encounter with the widow, and the seizure of her hoard, with as much gusto as though he had performed a meritorious action; and when Josh exhibited the rag and its contents as a proof of his prowess, his friend congratulated him on the prime fun he had had, and his most successful "cop."

Now Josh was somewhat of an ipecure, and one of his epicurean delights was old cheese. No antiquary or archæologist gazed upon Time's ravages with greater delight than Priggins gazed upon the ravages of the animalculæ in old cheese. As Josh was relating with much unction the despoiling the poor widow of her store, he and his comrogue happened to pass a cheesemonger's shop, where several portions of old cheese crumbling to pieces like some ancient ruin were exhibited for sale.

"Oh, look! look!" cried Priggins.

"Look at what?" cried the comrogue.

"Oh!" said Priggins (his mouth watering like an alderman's at the sight of turtle soup). "Oh! look at those bits of old cheese."

"Well, wot about 'em?"

"Wot about 'em!" exclaimed Priggins. "Wot about 'em! My eye! it's prime stuff. Wot a feed one of those lots would make with a bit of bread, washed down with a drop of four-'alf." And, with the predatory instincts strongly developed, Josh exclaimed, "I should like to 'cop' a lot or two. You look out for the bobby, and I'll have a try."

Priggins went whistling round the shop, apparently not taking the least heed of its contents. With one eye on the cheese, the other went roaming into the interior of the shop in search of the proprietor. Not seeing that individual, Josh commenced whistling, varying the whistling by a kind of dance known as the "cellar flap," just as though he were waiting the advent of someone, and whiling away the time by this means until that someone appeared. Emboldened at seeing no one in the shop after his whistling and breakdown, Josh, with the idea of appropriation, drew nearer to the much coveted lots of crumbling antiquity.

Now the proprietor of the shop had been watching Josh's manœuvres from behind his parlour door. Interested in the movements and dissimulation of Priggins, he did not appear upon the scene until Josh, growing less cautious, approached the cheese, and lifting one lot dropped it into another, preparatory to serving several small parcels in the same manner.

"Halloa!" cried the tradesman as he appeared on the scene, much to Josh's discomfiture, "what are you about?"

"Why, looking at these bits of cheese, that is all. What will you take for the lot?"

Now this shopkeeper had some cheese that had been put into a damp cellar. It was not exactly old—in fact, it was very new, but being decomposed through the damp it had all the appearance of old cheese with about twenty times its scent-assertive qualities. It was only by tasting that the difference between the modern and the ancient fabric could be discerned. The shopman, suspecting Josh's intentions on the outside lots, determined to give him something to remember in the shape of old cheese, and expatiated so much on the merits of the cheese he had in his cellar that Josh became eager to buy. Asking to be served with "a good threepennorth," he paid for it out of the widow's hoard, and went his way rejoicing.

Josh's friend, who had been looking out for the Bobby, was getting quite uneasy, but when he saw Priggins approaching with a paper parcel he concluded that the rape of the cheese had been successful. He was, however, soon undeceived by Josh, who informed him of the shopkeeper's appearance on the scene, and the "real bit of jam" for which he had been obliged to part. "But never mind," observed Priggins, "I know a shop where we can get a good drop o' beer, and with that and a bit of bread we shall find this cheese a regular caution."

And a regular caution this cheese was found, as will be shown in the sequel

The public house with "a good tap" having been found, Josh entered with his treasure, having previously sent his friend to the bar for a "pot of the best four 'alf." The table on which Josh deposited his cheese was the only one vacant in the tap-room, the others being occupied by working men engaged in eating or cooking their mid-day meal. The "pot of four 'alf" having arrived, Josh proceeded to open his parcel of cheese, and having taken a swig of beer desired his friend to "lay on."

The shopkeeper had so carefully packed the cheese, in order to prevent its odour escaping, that it was some time before Josh succeeded in bringing it before the fierce light of public opinion assembled in the tap-room. When, however, like some deadly vapour, the pungent putridity of the cheese, released from its wrappings, with tenfold intensity spread itself over the room, there was a general cry of disgust and horror. Those who were cooking desisted from the operation, and those who were eating laid down their knives and forks and became as powerless as though in a coal mine, overtaken and overwhelmed by the deadly choke-damp. Even Josh, hardened reprobate as he undoubtedly was, felt dismayed, surprised, and completely overcome by the horrible effluvium arising from the putrescent compound sold to him as old cheese. Every mite Priggins saw in the cheese appeared a widow's mite, which rose up in judgment against him.

"Take it out!" "Cover it up!" "What the devil have you brought here to poison us?" were only a few of the expressions used; and anybody with less effrontery than Josh would have beaten a hasty retreat. Not so Priggins. The disappointment at finding his favourite comestible in so unsatisfactory a state, and being disappointed in his intended banquet, had aroused all his worst passions, and refusing to budge, he defied the whole body of British workmen in that tap-room assembled.

It would have fared badly for Josh and his cheese if the landlord, hearing the scuffle, had not made his appearance on the scene. At first the atmosphere upset Boniface, and he staggered back as though he had received a blow, but recovering himself, he very soon perceived how matters stood.

"Why, this is worse than the plague," exclaimed Boniface. "Bringing cholera and typhoid fever into my house. The smell has gone all through the place, and my family and my customers are quite ill. Cover it up. Cover it up, I say, and take it and yourself off."

"I shan't," said Josh. "I've paid for my beer, and I shall sit and drink it. If you and your customers don't like my food, why you can take yourselves off."

This cool piece of impudence quite staggered Boniface, who began to see he had a difficult customer to deal with. The ominous looks on the part of the workmen seemed to bode mischief, and Boniface, who did not wish to have a bother, resolved to use diplomacy.

"How much will you take to clear out?"

"Five bob; not one farthing less."

The landlord, finding that he had caught a Tartar, gave Josh the five shillings, telling him at the same time that if ever he found him in that house again he would break every bone in his body.

Josh wrapped up his cheese quite leisurely, and then, followed by his friend, went whistling out of the pub.

"Halves!" said the comrogue, when the pair found themselves outside the pub.

"Halves!" exclaimed Josh. "Halves of what—the cheese?"

"No, half the money the landlord gave you to hook it."

Josh pretended to search his pockets, and then said, "Why, if I 'aven't left it on the tap-room table. You go back and fetch it. I mus'n't."

Back went the friend to pick up the coins, and off ran Josh, resolving not to share a rap. Running in the direction of the cheesemonger's shop, with the owner of which he meant to pick a quarrel, it happened that in turning a corner, without looking where he was going, he collided with a plain-clothes policeman, much to the latter's detriment.

"Hallo!" said the constable, seizing Josh, "what are you running for? Stolen this, I'll be bound," taking the parcel of cheese from Josh's hand.

"Oh, that's mine," said Josh.

"Oh, we'll see about that when we get to the station."

"What station?"

"Why, the police-station, of course."

In spite of the strenuous resistance of Priggins, the policeman seized him by the sleeve with one hand while he grasped him by the collar with the other, digging his knuckles at the same time into Josh's neck. As a boil had recently formed in that region of Priggins's person the contact of the policeman's knuckles, as he hurried him along regardless of his struggles, became painfully oppressive, and the youth who had disregarded the widow's plea for mercy began now to sue lustily for that virtue from the policeman.

An agonising walk of about a quarter of an hour brought Josh and the officer to the Well Police Station. Here Priggins, being recognised as an old offender, the charge was taken by the inspector on duty, and Josh soon found himself before the magistrate charged with petty larceny.

The active and intelligent officer who had arrested Josh showed his zeal by hastily unpacking the parcel which Priggins was charged with stealing. As a witness it asserted itself most unfavourably, for the court was completely overcome by its vile odour—it spoke volumes.

Magistrate (addressing the constable, using his pocket-handkerchief as a respirator): "Did you find anything upon the prisoner besides this highly objectionable compound?"

The implements of Josh's calling were produced, and so expatiated on by the "active and intelligent" as housebreaking implements, that Priggins was fully committed to take his trial at the ensuing sessions.

(*To be continued.*)

DAVE ISAACS.

A Veteran Sprinter who has Won Many Prizes.

(*With Portrait.*)

From the days when the above-named runner first put on a running shoe may be dated the decline and fall of pedestrianism. Garrett Lane, at Wandsworth, and Old Brompton in the West, and Bow and Hackney Wick running grounds in the East, were then in full swing, and Dave's maiden efforts date back to early in the sixties. Were Dave journalistically inclined, and capable of putting his experience on paper, he could tell of old-time sprinters such as Beddowes, Hancock, Wheatley, and others of the Guards, men, some of whom were not ashamed to disrobe in Old Brompton Running Grounds branded with a B.C. or a D. He could also tell of swells in days of old who were not ashamed to meet professionals, such as Guy Pym, a gentleman who ran one of the quickest quarters on record, and others who carried off some of the old pedestrian prizes both in London and Sheffield. Dave won his first handicap nearly thirty years ago, and scarcely a week since then has elapsed without his donning pumps and drawers for a spin. He has, besides winning several handicaps and matches, run several times into a place in *Sporting Life* Handicaps, and recently Dave managed to carry off, in his fiftieth year, one of the above by running into first place.

JULIUS SIMON.

A Prominent Bookmaker who is a Patron of Boxing.

(*With Portrait.*)

A name thoroughly well known and respected by all who "have a bit on" is that of Julius Simon. In all branches of sport has he identified himself, and in no small measure has his successful career been attributed to straightforward dealings with those with whom he has come in contact. His portly figure can be seen at any time either at Epsom, Sandown, Kempton, or any race-course within easy reach of the metropolis, laying the odds to all comers. It is his generosity that the boxing world has to thank for that magnificent silver cup which will be contested for by 9st men in January. Not only this, but the festive season will find him ever ready to help those who have not the creature comforts with which to regale themselves. The local charities have found in him a patron who is not only willing to give, but also to extend their usefulness by his assistance in seeking for those in need of their charities.

THE MASTER FOND OF KISSING.

A smartly-dressed "young lady" appeared before Mr. Bros at the North London Police Court, and complained that her mistress had discharged her and refused to give her a reference.

Mr. Bros: I cannot make her give you a character; but she is responsible if she gives you one which is untrue. Why does she refuse to give you one?

The "Young Lady": The master was in the habit of kissing me, and when I complained to the mistress she told me I would have to go, but that she would give me the highest of references. Now, however, she will not give it to me.

Mr. Bros: Well, I cannot compel her.

The "Young Lady" (pertly): What am I to do? I have come here for advice.

Mr. Bros: You will have to go to another court if you have suffered any damage through your mistress not keeping her contract.

The Applicant: What court?

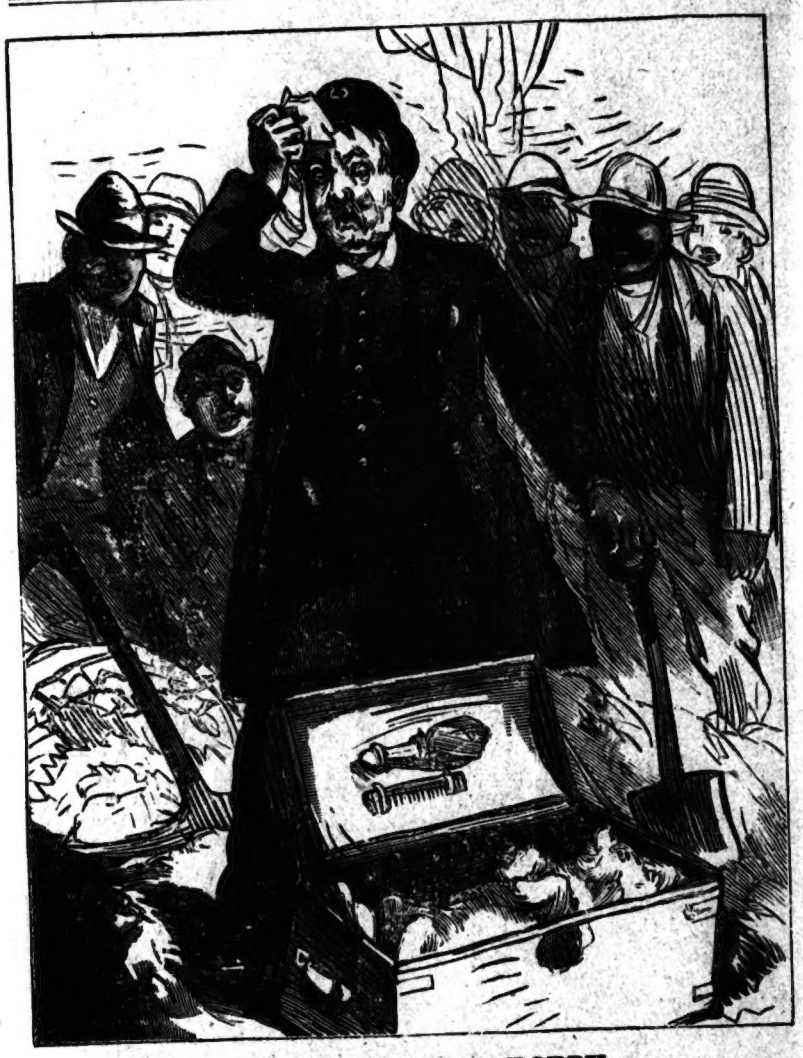
Mr. Bros: The county court.

It is probable there will yet be domestic trouble over that kissing, if indeed it has not already begun.

"'Timmy' Leftfist denounces football. He says it's a'disgracefully brutal sport."

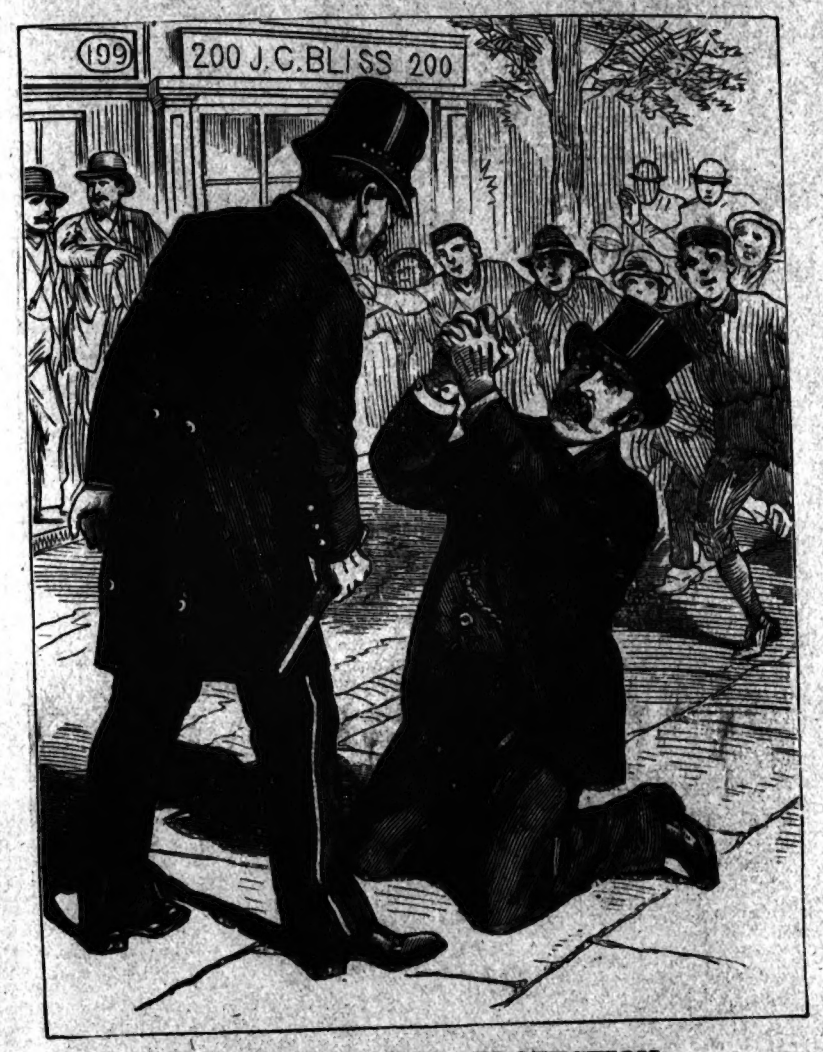
"Who is 'Timmy'?"

"He's a prize fighter."



A JOKE ON THE BOBBY.

A Gang of Idlers Find Amusement in Tricking an Overbearing Bobby.



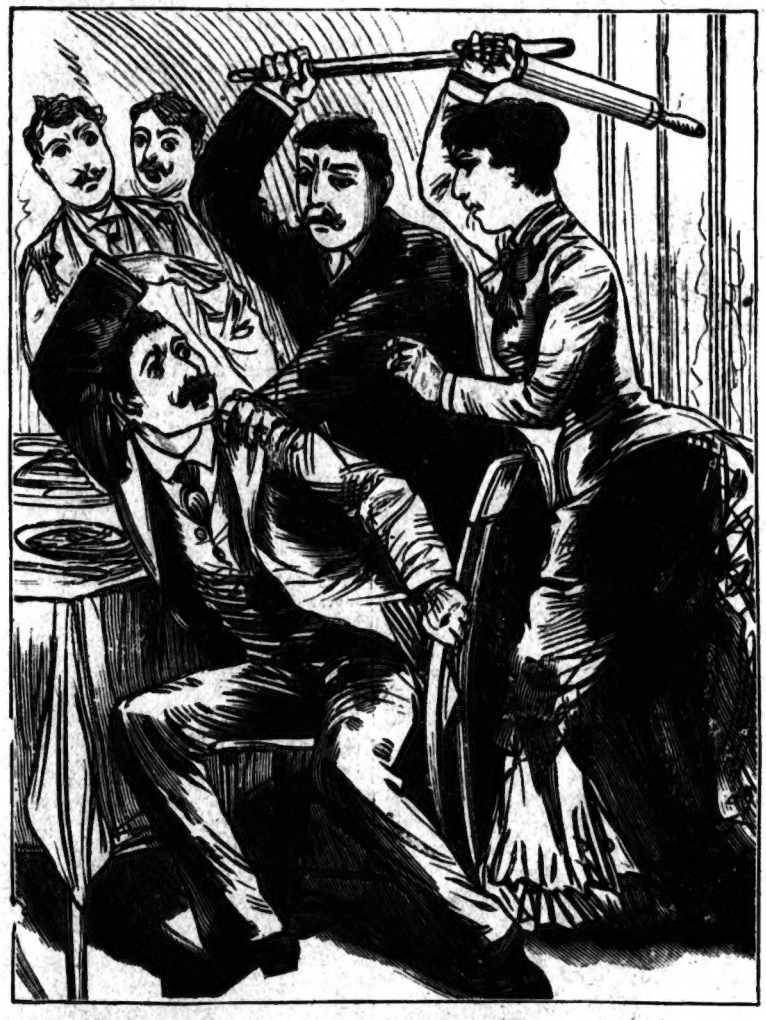
HE PLEADED FOR PROTECTION.

Schoolboys Drive a Master About the Streets for Inhuman Treatment.

SPOTTED THROUGH THE SCREEN DOOR.

Dames who Toiled in the Interests of Temperance.

CONFESSED HIS GUILT.
A Lover Cornered by His Sweetheart's Sister for Stealing Her Jewellery.



POUNDED AN OBJECTIONABLE GUEST.
A Sorry Exhibition Made of a "Johnnie" who Criticised Home Cooking.

A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.
How an Ill-Used Wife Recovered the Affections of Her Husband.

CAPT. J. L. BREWER, the crack pigeon shot, is matched to meet Dr. W. F. Carver in a series of ten contests, of 100 birds in each meeting, in the States, and the ten contests are to be decided before May 1, 1895.

* * *

A CREW representing the University of Pennsylvania will visit England next summer for the express purpose of competing in the Henley Regatta.

* * *

READER! as you pass along the Strand or Cheapside you may observe standing by the kerb on either side of these thoroughfares vendors of toys, collar studs, and other small articles too numerous to mention, which are invariably described as "job lots"; and the sacrifice at which they are sold "a marvellous" one; and so it is, considering that this form of merchandise never rises higher in price than one penny.

You see the same faces, and mostly the same wares, week after week, month after month, and year after year. There is the merchant's little tray slung in front of him to display his wares, and underneath something tied up in a cotton handkerchief—either more stock or the day's pannum.

We had often observed these "heads," and wondered how in the face of so much opposition these poor fellows could live, until the other day we were an involuntary listener to a conversation which took place on the kerb near Charing Cross. "Live!" cried the merchant who was being interrogated, "Why, we lives on each other. When one hasn't got it, the other has; and that's how we manage to pay our doss money and get a bit o' toke. Lord! wot should I do if this wosn't the case? Why, I ain't took a blooming mag now for the last two days."

This is a long digression, but we were reminded of this species of cannibalism—"living on each other," when visiting the Central Hall, Holborn, the other evening, a boxer who bore all the external marks of a battle hardly won, had just received the guerdon of victory in the shape of thirty bob!

Poor fellow! he had taken something with his thirty bob. A week, we are sure, would have to elapse before he could blow his nose or eat his food with comfort, so damaged were those organs of sense. Yet six of those hardly-won thirty shillings were dispensed to bruisers out of work, who gathered in the hall like wolves to "tap" the fortunate competitor for a "bit of silver."

"Why do you give away your hardly-earned coin?" we asked, and then the answer was the same story as the one I had overheard from the gutter merchant, "I gives to those who I know will give to me when I am hard up." "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."—bruiser and gutter merchant alike—and that is how the poor live.

* * *

MANY interesting competitions came off in connection with cross-country clubs on Saturday last, the principal results being as follows: Lea Harriers' Seven Miles Point to Point Steeplechase, at Chingford—F. A. Cohen, 1; F. Barfield, 2; H. Mundy, 3. The scaled handicap was won, with a start of 5min 50sec, by G. E. Mould. Essex Beagles' (Southern Senior Champions) Five Miles Steeplechase—C. T. Peck, 2min 40sec start, 1; G. Martin (the steeplechase ex-champion) made the fastest time, 34min 25sec. Hampton Court Hare and Hounds' Four and Three-quarter Miles Challenge Cup Handicap (17th annual competition)—C. S. Sydenham, scratch, 1; time, 29min 12sec. Walthamstow Harriers' Five Miles Steeplechase—D. Henry, 5 min 30sec start, 1. Lewisham Hare and Hounds' Five Miles Handicap—W. G. Wallis, 3min 25sec start, 1. The Finchley and Polytechnic Harriers held a combined run at Pinner, J. H. Hainsworth, of the former club, winning the prize for first Finchley Harrier in the mile race home.

* * *

AT a general committee meeting of the A. A. A., held at Manchester on December 8, F. E. Bacon's claim to the record of 4min 18 1-5sec for one mile, at Powderhall Gardens, Edinburgh, on July 21, was deferred for further particulars. C. A. Bradley's record of 120 yards in 11 4-5sec, at Stamford Bridge, April 28, was confirmed, as also was G. Crossland's 1hr 51min 54sec for twenty miles, at Stamford Bridge, on September 22. The championship meeting at Huddersfield showed a profit of just under £80.

MORRIS CRONIN, the clever manipulator of Indian clubs, has returned from a successful trip on the Continent, and is appearing nightly at the Empire.

* * *

JAKE GAUDAUR, American sculling champion, wants "Wag" Harding to meet him in a scullers' race in the States for £300 a-side and an added purse, and agrees to allow Harding £80 as expenses.

* * *

ONE of the gentlemen recently arrested at the Albert is an Islington tradesman, who combines the dual occupations of refreshment-house keeper and cigar merchant with that of bookmaker and racehorse owner.

A few years ago this gentleman had a horse named Mirror, trained by him privately, and to be ridden by his then prospective son-in-law. The horse's form was a secret until a relative blabbed to the landlord of a pub close by as to what a cert his brother-in-law had got in training for a Maiden Plate at Leicester.

* * *

THE landlord of this pub, nowing the relative and that the information was genuine, did a plunge on Mirror to the tune of £200, the other tradesmen of the merrie parish followed the bung's lead, and a horse which the owner fondly hoped would start at 10 to 1 became, by the weight of money invested, a red-hot favourite, starting eventually at 11 to 10 on.

The next time Mirror was on the job the blabber was put on the wrong scent, and a horse named King's Cross was voted the cert. Strange to say, King's Cross did win, and a quiet laugh the brother-in-law had. This, as we have said before, happened a good many years ago; but we doubt, even now, although our tradesman has two shops in the district, if he can bear the mention of King's Cross.

* * *

Now that poor old Jem Mace's trophies, valued by the champion at £3,000, have at last come to the hammer, it will be as well to remark that there is another champion belt of California besides the one won by Jem Mace when he defeated Bill Davis, the terror of the miners.

The original belt was won by MacLaren as far back as 1850, with a stake of 2,000dols. The history of the wanderings of this belt is rather a curious one. Its existence in recent years was only known by the advertisement of a jeweller advertising *a* belt.

Sam Nixon, an Australian publican and pugilistic manager, being over here at the time, went down to Brighton and inspected the belt, which he discovered to be the one fought for by MacLaren. Buying the circle—at a price—he took it back with him to Australia, and after another journey to the Antipodes and back, Sam now has it among his other curios, comfortably located at his museum and pub, The Flat Iron, Liverpool.

* * *

"NO VIOLENCE" MOODY is the principal official of the Jockey Club, and he has obtained his sobriquet through his peace-loving propensities. When Sergeant Dudley, a 'tec employed by the Jockey Club, and whose sconce is so full of murderous blows, the results of thief catching, that his (the sergeant's) head must be either extra thick, or he must be born to die in his bed. However, the sergeant some time since happened to capture a wrong 'un in the ring—no less a person than the notorious Sadler who recently received five years at the Old Bailey for blackmailing a fellow comrogue, Kemp.

Dudley was resorting to violence to put Sadler out of the ring, who loudly asserted that he would not leave the ring until his money was returned. Dudley was for confiscating the money, but "No Violence" Moody interfered, and Sadler received back the price of his ring ticket.

Some time since one of the "boys" made a bet with a bookie in Tattersall's which the "boy" won. As the amount was considerable the bookie repudiated the bet on the grounds that if he (the bookie) had won, as the bet was "on the nod," he would not have received the money. The "boy" took the matter before the Jockey Club, who ordered the bookie to pay, at the same time carpeted "No Violence" Moody for allowing a suspicious character or a man with a bad record in the ring.

* * *

IT is not generally known that George Lake, the butcher of Clare Market, is brother-in-law to the late Bill Richardson, of the Blue Anchor. George relates that Bill on one occasion asked him to buy a cigar which he (Bill) specially recommended. "What do you think of that?" said Bill. "First rate!" said George. "Well," replied the Blue Anchor boss, "I bought them of—— (a man who is now to the front in the sporting world), and I paid him 16s. 6d. per hundred. He paid 22s. 6d.—on the nod."

When old Bill Richardson died, very few of the modern school of boxers could put monnikers to the gallery of celebrities hanging round the lower boxing room of the Blue Anchor—which years ago used to be a skittle saloon—did they not happen to be named.

Now there is, or was, one which is named. It is the portrait of one of the sports in the long ago, no less a person than old Roberts, who proprietored old Brompton Grounds in the long ago, and was father-in-law to "Jenny" Jones, of Islington, the long-distance runner, who managed the grounds.

Now, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Seeing the name of Roberts, the new school at the Blue Anchor imagined that it was old Roberts, the billiard player. Of course they had never heard of the other. George Lake, who is an old ped, put down his pieces to the effect that the portrait was not that of the billiard player. Of course George won.

* * *

A FEW years ago boxing, which is so much in evidence now, was an unknown quantity. A West-end professor, who is considered a big bug round the American Bar at the Criterion, for some malpractice was brought before the "beak." "What is the prisoner's occupation?" asked the magistrate. "A boxer, yer worship," exclaimed the policeman. "A boxer? Do you mean that he makes boxes?" And it was some time before the magistrate could be made to understand the nature of a boxer's business. This is a fact.

* * *

A RECENT entrepreneur of boxing, not understanding boxers and their ways, spent recently in needless expenditure:—Special constables, 30s. per night; referee, time-keeper, and seconds, £1 per night; and tips to the small fry of the Press, say another ten shillings per night—and then he wondered that boxing did not pay.

* * *

EVAN THOMAS, of Pontypridd, writes to THE MIRROR OF LIFE that he is prepared to run any wooden-legged man in Wales 100 yards for £5 or £10 a-side. Thomas has but one good leg, and is said to be quite speedy as a runner. He agrees to cover any forfeit posted with THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

* * *

THE special cup committee of the New York Yacht Club held a meeting on December 10 to consider the challenge for the cup, dated the 2nd inst., which had been received from Lord Dunraven, together with the explanatory letter which his lordship had also addressed to the committee. The meeting, which lasted four hours, resolved to instruct the chairman, Mr. Smith, to cable to Lord Dunraven forthwith in the following terms:—"We can agree to no condition as to the holding of the cup. If the challenging club will sign a receipt for the cup as provided by the deed of 1887 we will accept the challenge. We must adhere to ten months' notice from December 6, but we will advance the dates later if possible. We think it best to leave all other unsettled questions until your arrival." A telegram was accordingly sent to Lord Dunraven in these terms.

* * *

THE American champion billiardist, Ives, offers Vignaux 1,000 in 6,000 for any stake up to £2,000, the match to take place in Chicago or Paris.

OUR BEATTIE.

A Clever Child Performer who has Scored a Success.

(With Portrait.)

IT is nice to be a father when the child is like the subject of this portrait, "Our Beattie." It is also nice to be a child who has the invaluable instruction of such a father as Mr. J. H. Wodehouse, who has written all his daughter's songs, and been instrumental in introducing the child wonder to the British public. Space will not allow us to enumerate one tithe of the successful performances of "Our Beattie," one feat alone must suffice. When little more than an infant the young lady appeared at the People's Palace, Dundee, before an audience of at least 5000 people, when her voice was distinctly heard by every person in the hall. Purses of gold and presents innumerable have fallen to the lot of "Our Beattie," besides a big salary, which as time goes on she bids fair to eclipse.

THE "MIRROR OF LIFE" AS A PEACEMAKER.

A NEW and novel sphere of usefulness has been found for THE MIRROR OF LIFE. One night last week, at a well-known hostelry in the Wandsworth Road much frequented by sportsmen, some so-called fighting men were warmly discussing the respective merits of Craig and Pritchard. The argument waxed high, and seemed likely to lead to blows, when the landlord suddenly caught up some specimen copies of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, and thrusting them into the hands of the disputants, quietly remarked, "Here, lads, just you take your fighting where you take your washing; you can now read all that is worth knowing about real fighting men." Immediately every head was buried in a copy of the paper, and the storm was thus cleverly averted.

NOOPOP: "I just had a long chat with Timmins, who writes the funny things for the *Bugle*. I told him ever so many stories about my little boy. Do you think he will put any of them in the paper?"

His Friend: "More likely he will put you in the paper."

NOTHING WORSE THAN WATER.—Those who have attended dog-fights can appreciate the kind of language used about a pit. At a fight some years ago in the Lancashire district an Irishman named M—— had backed his dog heavily to win, and was giving it plenty of encouraging talk, which made the opposing side feel a bit nettled. Pat's dog had the upper hand, and there was no holding the Irishman in check. He was the proudest man alive at that moment; but finally the handler of the opposing dog exclaimed: "Pat, don't be too sure; your dog is a cur, and pretty soon the dirt will run out of him." Pat's dog had evidently got sick of his job, and gradually he was punished in a manner he didn't relish. He lay flat on his side and yelped in a piteous way, being jeered by the supporters of the other dog. The prediction became true, because the dirt did run out of him pretty freely. Pat was downcast, and to make him more so the opposing handler shouted:

"Pat, you'll do the same in a minute."

"Ah, begorra," replied Pat, "it's not so substantial as that; and, though it's nothing worse than water that's come, it's mighty uncomfortable.'

* * *

SUSPICIOUS OF EVERYBODY.—Some years ago a certain light-weight pugilist visited New York City with a view to challenging any light-weight in America to a fight. He brought with him a belt, which he prized rather highly because he had contested several hard-earned battles before it became his property. The New York sports "kidded" the English pug to such an extent that when he walked into a shop he imagined he was going to be robbed or murdered by some hidden hand. It happened that he found it necessary to visit a barber's-shop in order to have his face scraped, and before seating himself in a chair he placed the belt on a shelf directly in front of the chair. After the barber had scraped and sponged off his face, he threw a towel over the scrapper's frontispiece in order to dry it off. He was not allowed to complete his labours, however, because the pugilist jumped from the chair, grabbed his belt, and rushed from the shop, exclaiming: "You were going to pinch my blarsted belt in daylight, but you can't do me. That's a new game as they ain't got at home, throwing a towel over your face while they pinch what you've got."

PHUNNYGRAPHS.

HE: "Didn't you get my letter?"
She: "Oh, yes."
He: "It was to ask you to be my wife."
She: "Just so."
He: "Why didn't you send me an answer?"
She: "You didn't enclose a stamp for reply."

* * *

"I NOTICE," said the tall, pale girl with the high forehead, "that there is much progress being made now in photographing the stars."

"Oh, yes," answered the fluffy girl, "they use them for cigarette pictures."

* * *

YOUNG WILLIAM: "Wha' fo' yo' buy dat dog, Unc' Josh?"

Uncle Josh: "Just fo' luck."

Young William: "Why, yo' ain't superstichus, is yo', Unc' Josh?"

Uncle Josh: "Well, I dunno 'bout dat; ef I hadn't had dat 'ere dog de las' two weeks, I wouldn't had a hen lef' in de coops."

* * *

FATHER: "Why is it that you have no money the day after you receive your salary?"

Son: "It is not my fault, daddy; it is all owing to other people."

* * *

MAGISTRATE: "Why did you marry two wives?"

Pat: "Well, sor, as long as I suppoorted the both av thim widout wan knowin' about de other, I t'ought as how I might be doin' humanity a blessin' by dispensin' wid wan ould maid."

TURF NOTES.

LEICESTER, PLUMPTON, AND NOTTINGHAM.

THE QUORN HUNT STEEPLECHASE.

THE IRISH DIVISION.

NOTTINGHAM'S BIG ITEM.

FINAL SELECTIONS.

AT Leicester this afternoon good fields should be seen out for each of the six events which go to make up the card, and, although the stakes range in value from the modest sum of 40sovs to that of 100sovs in the Broxhills Steeplechase Plate, yet for the minor events matters will be keenly fought out by the different interests who will be called upon to oppose, and will afford spectators ample food for excitement and speculation. The opening event of the meeting will be the December Handicap Hurdle Race, which Lady Physician has before this placed to her credit, and is again entered. If the present company is not too good for her, she should again be found with a winning chance. Cloghran, who was fancied somewhat on that occasion, has now a slight advantage in the matter of weight; still, the difference will hardly bring them together if the Irishman ran up to his best form. With a run, Lady Physician will have most to fear from Rylstone, who, in company with Samarcand, Judy, and others of the Epsom-trained team, are doing good work, and should prove to be a good thing. At one time that aged warrior Willie Blair, who has been so successful in the black and silver braid, fell sadly behind, but, on returning to form, soon placed himself where we now find him, in the Birstall Selling Handicap Steeplechase, at the top of the list with 12st 7lb. This he can comfortably carry into first place if allowed to compete, but at the same time his owner may not care to part with him for the price. Siddington and Viscount have excellent chances, and in the absence of Nightingall's representative are best in the order written. In the Broxhills Steeplechase Plate, although the chief item of the sport to-day, the class is anything but of the first-rate order, and of the dozen entries Waterford strikes the eye as being the most likely one to hold a forward position at the finish, where Collins, having two to select from, may in this instance depend upon Cardinal, who has twice this year been seen to advantage, notably so in a selling steeplechase last February at Sandown, when he became the property of his present owner at the bid of 310gs, and might reward that gentleman by carrying the all-black to victory for this event.

The Montrose Hurdle Plate should again fall to Nightingall, who secured it with Glenloch this time last year, and, with Kirkhill in the same interest, may, for the first time in his life, catch the judge's eye. If I mistake not, this cast-off from Bates's stable ran in the Middle Park Plate, won by Ladas when he finished fifth, and his class should be good enough to enable him to secure a winning bracket. Roland Græme was unlucky to be disqualified at Liverpool, and may make amends if pulled out in favour of his stable companion Knockdolian. The Irish-trained Orloff, if started, will have no trouble to beat the best of the home-trained animals. His two Curragh successes make him very smart, and, if present, will be returned the winner. The Emerald Isle contingent generally takes a few select plums from the more prosperous individuals who oppose them on this side, and over the sticks we have not yet been able to lead the way when they enter the field against us, and they always threaten us with a dangerous candidate for most of our principal jumping contests, so that the selected of their division must be kept on the safe side. Snaplock, who has a great liking for this course, is well in the Quorn Hunt Steeplechase Plate, and to name two to beat the field the next in preference would be Bloater, but the first-named will, if sent, be well on the premises. Friday will conclude the meeting, but not without Glenloch having a cut in for the Leicester Hurdle Race, in which he may be successful, as before with his Montrose and Belgrave Hurdle Races. He has shown his adaptability over this particular course, for in the matter of weight, being nicely treated, he should win. The Sileby Steeplechase will close the afternoon sport, and as Wild Man from Borneo will not be in the field, Ulysses may find the opportunity to gain the verdict.

Those who still care for the outdoor sport can journey down to the Sussex fixture at Plumpton on Saturday, when Snaplock may reward the talent in the Hassocks Steeplechase. The remaining selections for this and the week should, if seen facing the starter, result as under:—

LEICESTER.

THURSDAY.

The December Hurdle Race,
Rylstone or Lady Physician.

The Birstall Selling Steeplechase,
Siddington.

The Broxhills Steeplechase,
Waterford.

The Montrose Hurdle Race,
Orloff.

The Quorn Hunt Steeplechase,
Snaplock.

FRIDAY.

The Belvoir Steeplechase,
Melbourne.

The Leicester Hurdle Race,
Glenloch.

The Sileby Steeplechase,
Ulysses.

The Oadby Hurdle Race,
Samarcand.

PLUMPTON.

SATURDAY.

The Plumpton December Hurdle Race,
Baccarat.

The Hassocks Steeplechase,
Snaplock.

The Ovingdean Steeplechase,
Dollar II.

The Falmer Hurdle Race,
Barrowby.

NOTTINGHAM.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 19.

The Great Midland Steeplechase,

The Primate ..	**1**
Ballyohara ..	**2**
Fanatic	**3**

CHALK.

WALTER NORMAN.

A Versatile Comedian and Popular Performer.

(With Portrait.)

NEGRO and versatile comedian — the original Running Soldier is a gentleman who has been engaged at our principal London and provincial halls. Funny without being vulgar, Walter bids fair to take high rank in his profession. We could write a column in Walter's favour, but pressure on our space will not allow us to give "records," "lists of presentations," or "marks of esteem." We hope that an entry into these pages will hall-mark all future aspirants to its portraiture as eighteen-carat. And it will be understood by the public that if they were not so they would find no place here.

JAMES LOWES.

A Newcastle Promoter of Boxing Contests.

(With Portrait.)

WE would say Mr. James Lowes, but that the Mister is the identifying title by which the great B. P. learns that the subject of discussion is either amateur or professional. Things are a little better than they were, but in the old days vast distinctions separated the pro. from the amateur, even carried as far as the dressing-room. James Lowes, although a pro., is nature's gentleman, and has established a first-class school-of-arms in the North of England. Although Lowes has taken part in various boxing contests with a fair amount of success, it is his memorable meeting with Dick Burge, of Newcastle, "the Nonpareil," that has made his name the most endurable, and induced us to think him worthy a place in our pugilistic gallery.

THE HORSE BROUGHT THEM HOME.

A Love-sick Pair Fall Asleep Enjoying a Moonlight Ride.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE natives in a little village in Cumberland were somewhat surprised in the early hours the other morning, upon perceiving a horse walk slowly along the main road. The occupants, a young couple, were fast asleep in the waggon, the man holding the fair one in an affectionate embrace. Quite a large crowd gathered around, and when an officer appeared upon the scene he roused the pair, and ordered the young man to drive the horse home.

WILLIAM T. MARTIN-COMSTOCK.

Agent in Advance for Montague Roby's Famous Midget Minstrels.

(With Portrait.)

MR. W. T. Martin-Comstock was born March 20, 1854, at Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A. He was originally intended for a commercial life, but having early developed a taste for the stage, made his first appearance before the public with the Providence Glee Club. He has been heard to remark that it was very providential that he was not squelched on his début—but he wasn't; he a sort of caught on, and took to the road shortly afterwards. Manager (Shorey, Cave, Dupre, and Green's Minstrels) gave him his send-off at Rocky Point, R.I. Since then he has been pretty well the world over, playing with the biggest attractions. Martin-Cornstock in his time has been gymnast, actor, proprietor, manager, advance agent, acrobat, comedian, circus clown, equestrian, director, ring master, stage manager, aeronaut, and for the past four years on this side of the "herrin' pond" has done the advance business for Montague Roby's Famous Midget Minstrels. He is looked upon as one of the most energetic advance agents on the road, and is a prime favourite everywhere he strikes.

JACK BRYAN, OF BLOOMSBURY.

A Middle-Weight of Local Renown.

(With Portrait.)

SOME time since, on visiting the Eden Palace of Varieties, when the boxing boom was going strong, we were introduced to a "coming" champion in the person of Jack Bryan. Jack was smoking and drinking, and at each succeeding glass he informed his friends that the Coffee Cooler, whom he was set down to meet that evening, would find things rather sultry. He did not meet the Coffee Cooler that evening, so we had no opportunity of seeing him shape; but Jack has climbed upwards like his famous namesake of the beanstalk. A mere midget of six stone or thereabouts, he began boxing in Sergeant Green's old room in Red Lion Court, and after various successes at various weights we find him now a tall youth for his weight, and if not up to championship form in ability, approximating thereto in size.

MIKE MORAN.

Clare Market's Representative 7st Pugilist.

(With Portrait.)

THE first attempt of this young boxer was to lower the colours of Bill Springhall, of Westminster, at the Lambeth School of Arms; this resulted, after fighting ten rounds, in a draw. On the next occasion matters were more favourable for Moran, who placed to his credit a 6st 10lb competition, defeating Robson in the final. Jack Marney acknowledged a master on two occasions when meeting Moran. The first time, one round and a half settled this opponent, and Marney fared no better in his next venture, when the disputants only went three rounds, leaving Moran the victor. In a 7st competition at Frank Hinde's he met Con Barrett, who gained the verdict. Being only sixteen years of age, there is plenty of time for this youngster to earn laurels in the 7st division.

SHE HELD THE FORT.

A Young Lady Objects to Telegraph Poles Being Placed on Her Plot of Ground.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A YOUNG lady owning a large plot of ground close to Bath gave a gang of labourers considerable trouble recently by refusing them the privilege of erecting poles on her ground. She jumped into a hole, and when the telegraph pole was brought to be placed in position she remained obstinate, and refused to entertain any proposal tending towards a reconciliation.

POUNDED AN OBJECTIONABLE GUEST

A Sorry Exhibition Made of a "Johnnie" who Criticised Home Cooking.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FREQUENTERS of a small hotel near Southend were taken by surprise when they heard shouts for help emanating from the dining room. Upon entering the place they caught sight of the mistress and her husband pummelling a guest who had passed insulting remarks in regard to the manner in which the food had been cooked and served. The mistress claimed that she provided only the best in the market and served it up in home fashion.

HE: "Is it true that most of the fashions are started from the stage?"

She: "I guess it is. By the way, I am glad the living pictures are dying out, aren't you?"

CONFESSED HIS GUILT.

A Lover Cornered by His Sweetheart's Sister for Stealing her Jewellery.

(Subject of Illustration.)

PAYING attention to a young lady for the purpose of pilfering from a sister is not a paying game by any means, as was best exemplified in Chelsea recently. It appears that a young lady, upon missing a portion of her jewellery, set a watch upon her sister's lover. The youth was unable to withstand temptation, and on being alone in the drawing-room he laid hands on a handsome ring. The wronged girl entered with her sister, and, drawing a revolver, demanded a confession. The wretch found himself cornered, and falling upon his knees pleaded for forgiveness.

THE BOXING ELEPHANT.

An Enterprising Circus Manager About to Produce a Novelty.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHEN the circus season opens in the States in the spring, an enterprising manager proposes to introduce a boxing elephant. He has the animal in training daily, and it is claimed that he is remarkably clever with the use of his trunk, upon the end of which is fitted a boxing glove. The sparring partner finds his adversary a hard hitter and clever at flogging his trunk about the head.

A JOKE ON THE BOBBY.

A Gang of Idlers Find Amusement in Tricking an Overbearing Bobby.

(Subject of Illustration.)

NEAR the Crystal Palace there is a bobby who possesses an overbearing mien, and seizes every opportunity to force idlers to move along when congregated about the streets. In order to humiliate the officer of the law one of the gang informed him that a burial had occurred in a field close by, and was of a suspicious nature. To give a display of his authority, the bobby at once exhumed the coffin, and, instead of finding a body therein, perceived the carcase of a pet poodle dog. Those who witnessed the affair rent the air with laughter, greatly to the discomfiture of the officer.

M. W. RULE.

A Prominent Theatrical Manager.

(With Portrait.)

THIS well-known manager has been with Messrs. Hardie and Von Leer's McKennie "Flirtation" Company for some years; he is well-known and highly respected and takes an interest in all branches of sport. Rule is an American by birth.

CRUELTIES OF FOOTBALL.

How the Game is Played in the United States.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FOOTBALL played according to the Rugby rules is indeed a cruel and dangerous game, and no doubt it is the great risk of danger that makes the game so attractive amongst the collegians in the States. Americans are always fond of participating in any sport that borders upon cruelty, and the more dangerous it appears, so long as it comes within the prescribed laws, the more attractive it becomes, not only to the participants, but to the general public.

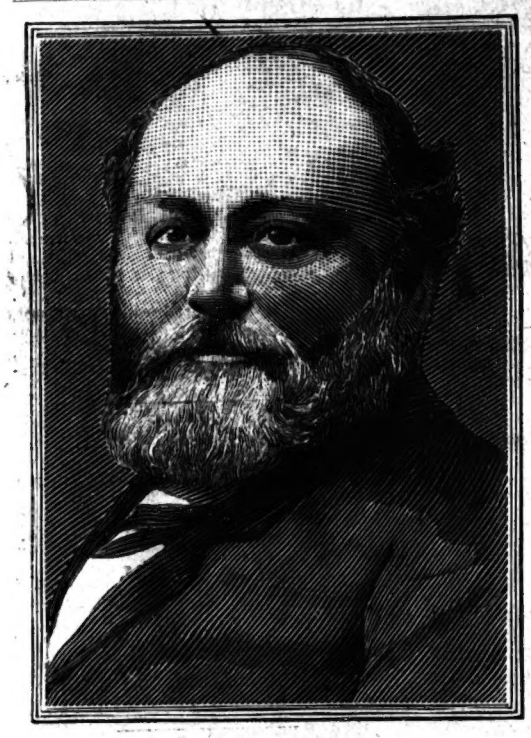
As many as fifty thousand people will pay a dollar each for the sole purpose of attending a match between representative colleges, not so much to see the sport itself as to gloat over the spectacle presented when one or more of the players become seriously injured. Football in America is an exact reproduction of a street fight, and for that reason the men selected to play are generally muscular and of massive proportions. When a game is closely contested, you will frequently see half a dozen men piled on top of each other, punching, kicking, and pulling hair, in hopes of disabling one of the opposition side, in order to secure control of the ball and get it in play.

When the teams enter the field for play each side will have, close to hand, a physician to attend any who are injured, and the fact that medical aid is required adds a certain amount of fascination to the game. The players start in with avowed intentions of slugging, and the man who can maim the greatest number of players is the hero of the hour. Such are the cruelties of American footballing, and until the rules are revised we must expect to hear of men getting seriously injured when participating in a match.

LITTLE WILLIE: "I wanted so much to peep through the keyhole last night while you were in the parlour with Mr. Castelton."

Sister Clara: "But, like a good little boy, you didn't, did you?"

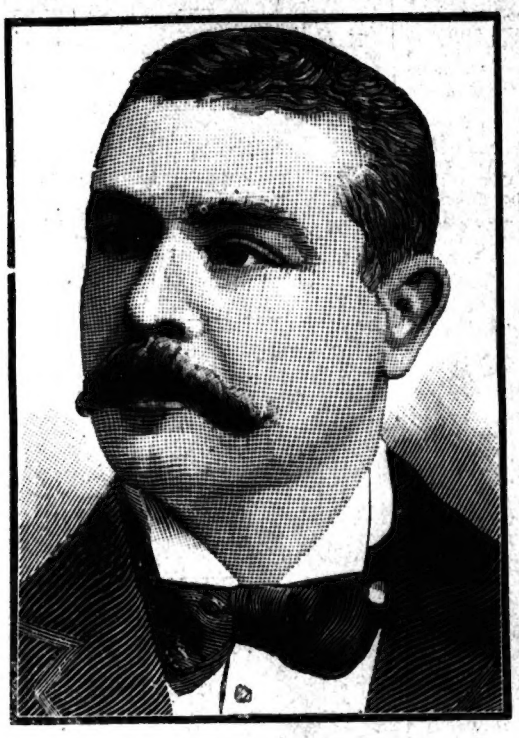
Willie: "No; the servant girl got there first."



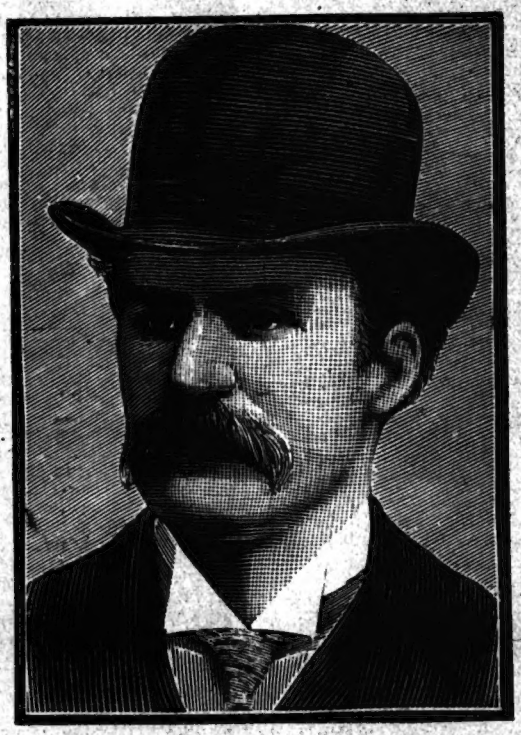
JULIUS SIMON.
A Bookmaker who is a Patron to Boxing Sport.

OUR BEATTIE.
A Clever Child Performer who Has Scored a Success.

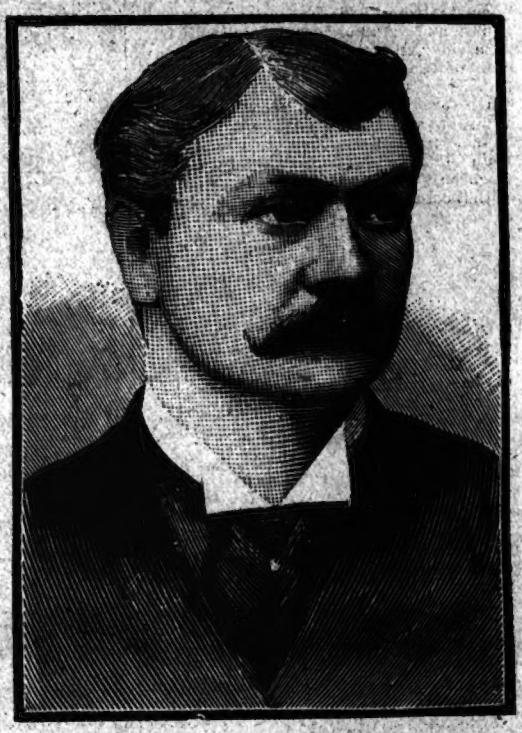
JACK BRYAN, OF BLOOMSBURY.
A Middle-Weight of Local Renown.



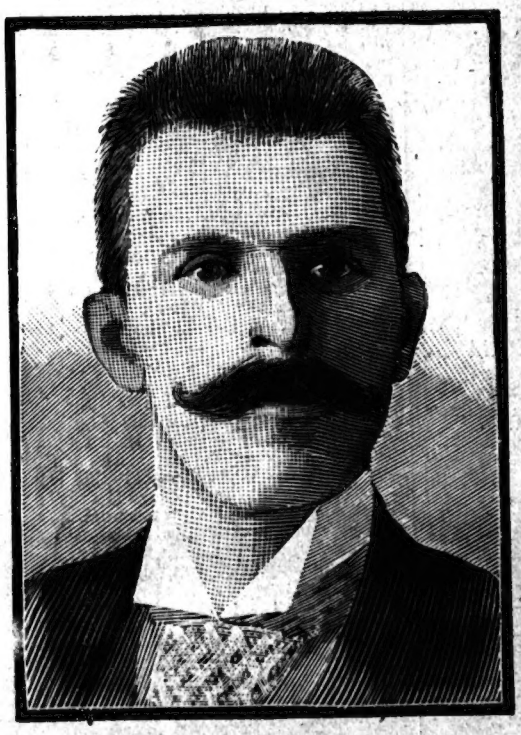
JAMES LOWES.
A Newcastle Promoter of Boxing Contests.



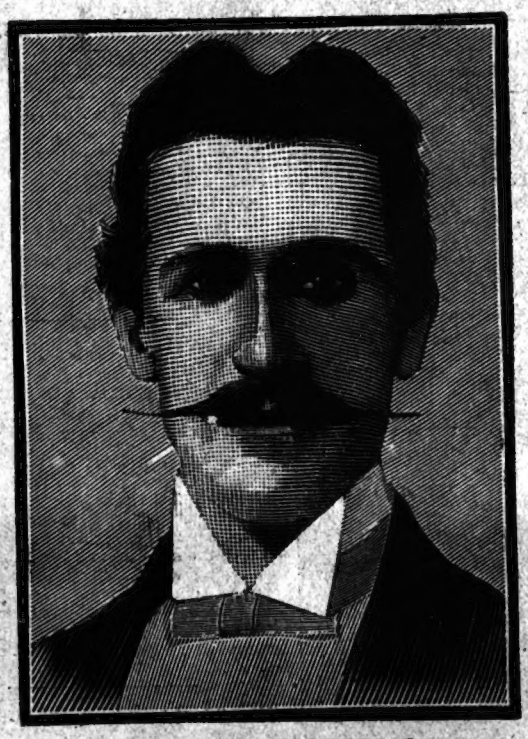
DAVE ISAACS.
A Veteran Sprinter who Has Won Many Prizes.



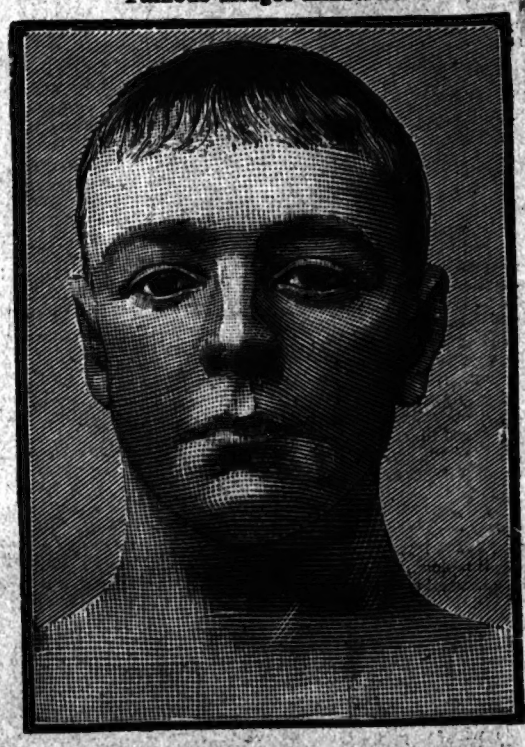
WILLIAM T. MARTIN-COMSTOCK.
Agent in Advance for Montague Roby's Famous Midget Minstrels.



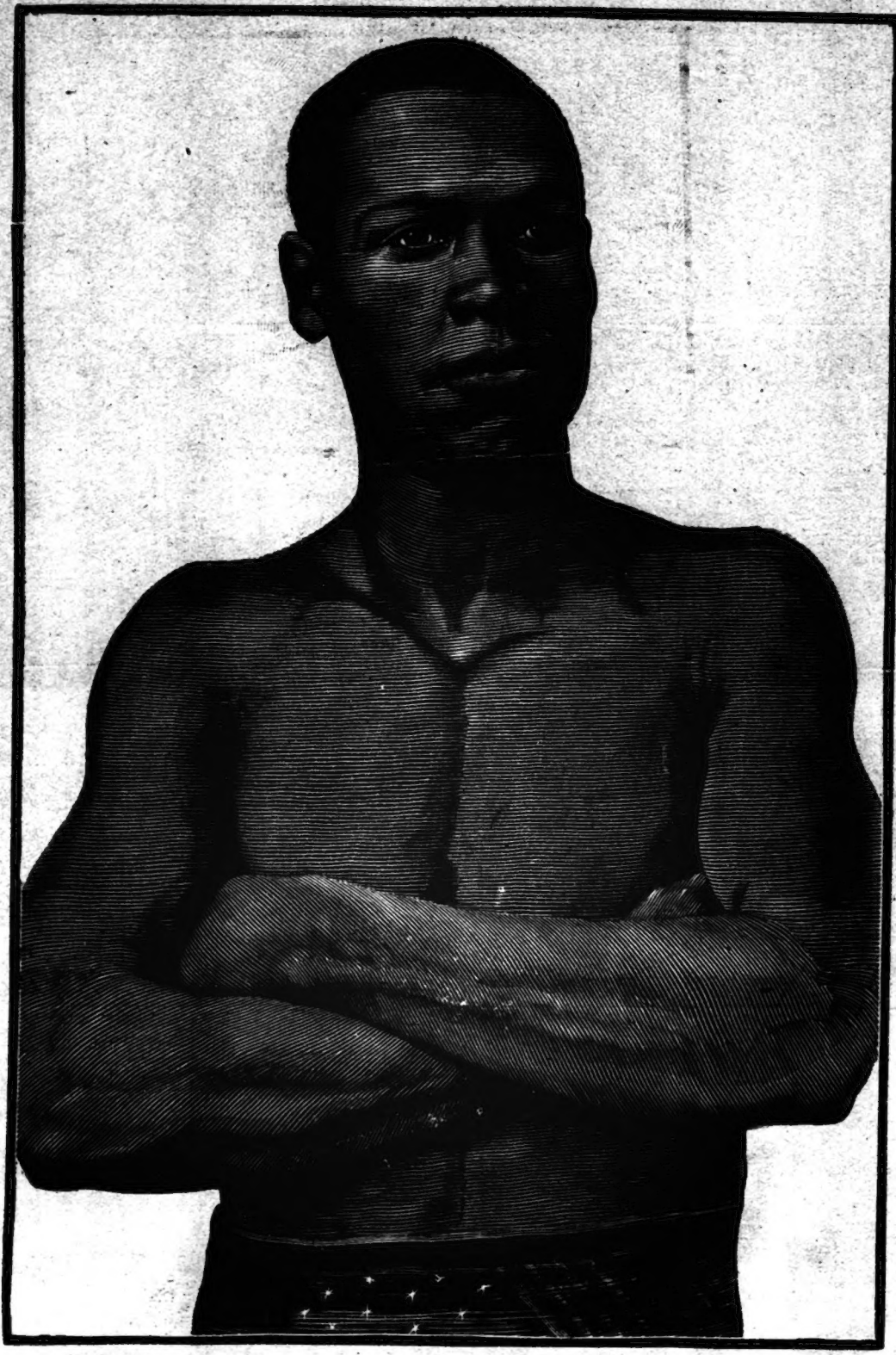
M. W. RULE.
A Prominent Theatrical Manager.



WALTER NORMAN.
A Versatile Comedian and Popular Performer.



MIKE MORAN.
Clare Market's Representative 7st Pugilist.



AMERICA v. ENGLAND.

FRANK CRAIG,
THE COFFEE COOLER,

Coloured Middle-Weight Champion of the World.

Born in New York City, April 1, 1870.

Stands 5 feet 10¾ inches, and weighs 11st. 4lbs.

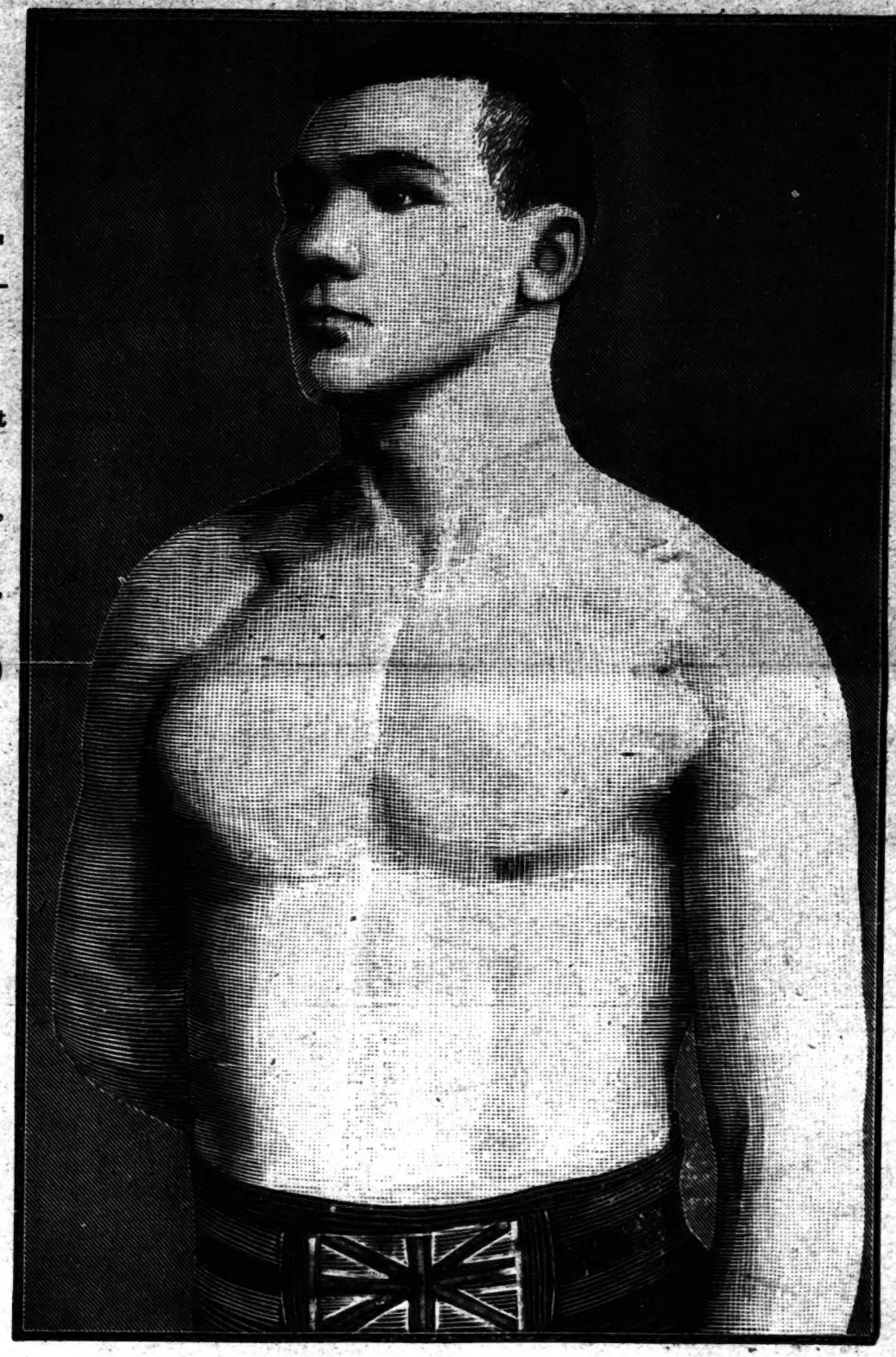
WINNER OF A HUNDRED BATTLES.

TED PRITCHARD,
CHAMPION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Born in Lambeth, July 21, 1869.

Stands 5 feet 8 inches in height, and weighs 11st. 4lbs. in condition.

During his career as a Pugilist he has beaten all comers with the exception of Jem Hall.



FRANK CRAIG, THE COFFEE COOLER, Coloured Champion of the World.

TED PRITCHARD, Champion of Great Britain.

CONTESTANTS IN THE INTERNATIONAL MIDDLE-WEIGHT FIGHT.

Champions to Meet.

Craig and Pritchard.

Both Feel Confident.

Slavin's Testimonial.

He Beats Marshall.

Roberts Succumbs to Marlow.

Gossip of the Fancy.

(With Portraits.)

NEXT Monday night, at Central Hall, Holborn, Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, and Ted Pritchard meet to decide the championship in the middle-weight division. The Cooler is the acknowledged coloured champion of the world in his class, and only came to this country when he found it impossible to secure a customer in the States. Bob Fitzsimmons, Dan Creedon, and Dick Moore declined to accommodate him, giving as an excuse that they objected to meeting a coloured man, but subsequent developments show that they had too high a regard for the Cooler's remarkable ability as a pugilist.

* * *

TED PRITCHARD has for many years been conceded to be the best middle-weight England has produced during the past decade of pugilism, and up to the time he met with a reverse at the hands of Jem Hall the public regarded him as a phenomenon. The manner in which he disposed of Jem Smith, who was the heavy-weight champion of England, convinced the sporting fraternity all over the world that he was the most remarkable man in his class.

That he has lost none of his old form was best shown in his mill with Dick Burge at the Eden the other night, when, though not in the best of condition, he vanquished the North-countryman in less than two rounds.

* * *

PRITCHARD, when he faces the Coffee Cooler, will be as fit as possible, because he has got down to the middle-weight limit, and is training to improve his wind and strength. Reports we have received from his training quarters at Rumfield are indeed of a flattering nature, and those who back him will get a good run for their money.

* * *

THE portrait of Pritchard, which appears on page nine, was taken specially for THE MIRROR OF LIFE directly after he disposed of Dick Burge.

The English champion indulges in a great deal of road work every morning, whilst in the afternoon he performs upon the punching ball and goes through dumb-bell exercise. He is under the mentorship of Charley Mitchell, who proposes to second him on the night of the big international fight.

* * *

THE coloured champion is quartered at the Prince of Wales Hotel at Eltham, where he is training faithfully in order to reduce himself to the prescribed weight limit—11st 4lb—and he reports that he is making favourable progress. The Coffee Cooler is brimful of confidence, and though he is not regarding the affair as a certainty, he at least believes he will be clever enough to carry off the honours. "I fully realise that Pritchard is one of the greatest middle-weights in the world," says Craig, "and it will be no easy task to defeat him, but I believe I shall have improved myself to such an extent that victory will crown my efforts. I should not fight so low as 11st 4lb, but as that is the middle-weight limit, I feel it my duty to accommodate Pritchard, because a victory over him would then place me in a position to claim the middle-weight championship of England, and with that title I could then compel some of the much-advertised champions to give me a hearing.

"I am anxious for a fight with Peter Jackson and Joe Steers, and then I would abandon pugilism for a year to come. I propose making a tour of the kingdom, and have already engagements booked ahead to appear at the various music-halls in mouth-organ solos, a song and dance, and in sparring bouts."

* * *

BETTING on the international middle-weight championship match is at evens, and, judging from present indications, the English champion will rule a slight favourite. Four-ounce gloves will be used, and the Marquis of Queensberrys Rules for endurance will govern the fight. Mr. B. J. Angle has been chosen to act as referee, and in the event of his declining to officiate Mr. George Vize will be requested to fill the position. Either man will be satisfactory to the contestants, because both have an established reputation for fairness and good judgment.

* * *

THAT the public are always ready to partake of a good bill of fare when set before them was evinced on Thursday evening, when the Central Hall, Holborn, was crowded from floor to ceiling. The occasion was the benefit of Slavin prior to his departure to South Africa, and the principal ingredient on the programme was Frank Slavin's attempt to stop two men during the course of the evening in four rounds.

As these two men, whose names appeared conspicuously on the posters, were persons of note, one being a celebrated wrestler, supposed to have had an especial preparation by Charley Mitchell at Ramsgate, and the other no less a personage than Joe Steers, the celebrated ex-blacksmith and heavy-weight amateur champion, public expectation was raised to fever heat over these, the two principal events of the evening.

The first pair of boxers to make their bow to the big audience were Bert Smith and "Ginger" Brompton. "Ginger for pluck" is an old adage, but in this case "Ginger" was not only plucky but clever. Poor Bert Smith tried all he knew, and at the earlier part of the journey looked like keeping well to the front; but "Ginger," taller and longer in the reach, appeared to be only biding his time, and the end came when Bert was receiver general full on the "point" in the fourth round of an eight-round competition.

When Jack Hall, of Australia, and Alf Devereux stood up, the comparison was as that of a farthing rushlight to a mould candle. Hall, who appeared to be a man of mature years, with all the tricks of the old boxing school, showed at once that he was the master of his more youthful opponent. Of course the sympathy of the huge crowd of galleryites was with Master Slender, and Hall, "the stranger in the counterie," bowing to popular clamour, used Master Slender mercifully. Although the latter, during the whole four rounds of the contest, did not relax his efforts to bring the master bit home on the Australian's massive jaw, it is needless to say the verdict was for Australia.

A most laughable event was an eight-round contest between the "Pocket Knifton" and Jack Maloney. It was really pantomimic. Maloney, like a little sprite, seemed opposed to a giant's body on the shortest of short legs. Those who have read "Snarley Yow," by Marryat, will be familiar with the portrait of "Jemmy Dunks," a finely developed man as far as the trunk, but with hardly a leg to stand on.

Vainly did the gods shout: "Go it, Pocket!" "Give him one for me, Knitton!" The stunted Lifeguardsman could not get in one for himself. The nimble Jack Maloney, with his comical Irish-cockney face, danced round "Pocket" like a wicked sprite, and seemed absolutely to defy the efforts of poor Knifton. As we have said above, this was a most laughable bout. It pleased the gods, and we have no doubt it pleased the men when they afterwards shared the "brass."

Two bruised and battered warriors now ascended the stage who were announced by the M.C. as Ted Cain, of Birmingham, and Harry Callam, of Earlsfield, and their contest one of six rounds duration. Now we had seen this Callam shape previously in a contest with a lad named Heasman, and the manner in which he pulled the battle out of the fire when apparently beaten showed he was what old Ring chroniclers called "a thorough bottom man."

Yes, and "thorough bottom" Callam most certainly proved. Cain, who started in a manner which showed his education had been of the "hardware" village, took a commanding lead, and those who sympathised with the smaller man and thought that he must succumb before the onslaughts of Cain were surprised when they saw soon how completely the tables were turned.

It does not always follow that the referee is correct in stopping a bout, for here was a case in point. Up to the fourth round it looked as if Callam only stood up to receive, but in the fourth round Callam had brought his man to his weight with some straight punches on the nose. Eventually with one more heavy than its predecessors the Earlsfield man brought the Birmingham man to the ground, from whence only being able to rise on his hands and knees.

The first great event of the evening, and the one which had brought the big crowd to the Central Hall, was the meeting between the Lancashire wrestler Marshall (a man whom the redoubtable Tom Cannon is constantly challenging) and Frank Slavin. Of course Slavin had many sympathisers in the hall who wished him well, but we are sure they must have trembled for his chance when they observed his condition and the stalwart proportions of his opponent, Bob Marshall, especially as it had been whispered in the hall that Marshall had been taken in hand by Charley Mitchell, and had received an especial preparation. As the Lancashire man mounted the stage it was seen that he looked big enough for anything, and if but ordinarily clever Slavin the "stopper" might find himself "stopped."

But it was soon seen that size and not quality was the essential of Bob Marshall. A good-looking lump of humanity and nothing beyond. Slavin might just as well have had a movable feather bed on which to exhibit his punching out power. In the second round the ruling passion asserted itself, and the wrestler back-heeled the slogger. This gave Slavin the necessary devil to get the requisite punch home, and with the downfall of Marshall came the downfall of great expectations.

* * *

WHAT should have been a six-round contest between Bill Bradfield and Tom Phillips was brought to a somewhat abrupt termination. Once in the contest Bradfield complained of being hit in the most delicate portion of his anatomy, but on a caution the bout was allowed to proceed. In the third round, however, Phillips struck Bradfield three blows in the same spot, which caused the latter boxer to place his hands on the injured portion of his anatomy and quit.

* * *

WE don't know what business Master Chesterfield Goode had at the Press table:

"Boxers rush in where Press men fear to tread,"

and, still less, why he should raise his voice in a matter which should be left entirely in the hands of the referee. This latter functionary apparently did not see the foul, but others among the spectators did.

* * *

THE three-round contest between Hatcher and Burge showed that Burge was not Valentine. At Jem Mace's benefit Hatcher encountered the light-weight champion, and certainly while administering punishment did not have the worst of the encounter.

* * *

WITH Burge, however, it was different. "Flash" Bill was tricky enough to keep his foe at a respectful distance, and the only thing the expert did worthy of notice was to call his own "time."

* * *

THE boxer who meets Ted Ware will know that he has been boxing at the termination of the contest, no matter what the class, and we think Tim Sullivan was decidedly overmatched both in weight and strength if not ability. We suppose the late unfortunate episode at the hall was the cause of the referee stopping the bout, or we see no cause why Tim should not have gone on to the bitter end, considering Tim was willing, and when the bout was stopped in the third round he had two good eyes, two good hands, two good legs (a bit weedy), and a good heart.

* * *

IT was now nearly eleven o'clock and Joe Steers had not made his appearance as advertised to stay the allotted four rounds with Slavin. The spectators seemed to think they had been "bilked" out of their best meal, and loudly made known their annoyance.

Then the M.C. mounted the stage and declared that it was no fault of his. He had not received either letter or telegram, nor had Joe Steers appeared in person; and Franky, whose eloquence seemed wound up to concert pitch, announced that such conduct was very hard on him, who always endeavoured to keep faith with the British public.

* * *

THE Cooler-Pritchard match seemed to trouble the gods very much as to the prices likely to be charged, and when Franky announced the price as "half a dollar" they wished him to knock off the odd tanner, and make it for that night a couple of "bob." Perhaps Frank may hold a consultation on the subject, and take counsel's opinion. Of course when the public cry for blood, and plenty of it, three mild exhibition rounds hardly satisfy the B.P. It is like the gentleman in "Pink Dominoes" who, while waiting for a lady, is given the *Evening Standard*. The public, with the deluded old gentleman, might exclaim: "This is not what I expected." However, Horace King was there to jump into the breach.

* * *

BILL ROBERTS, of Islington, and Ted Marlow, of Stratford, engaged in a twenty-round contest at the National Sporting Club, December 10. The men were confined to 8st 7lb each in weight. Marlow ruled favourite in the betting, and proved his cleverness by cleverly besting Roberts from the outset. Roberts was a bit wild in his deliveries, and in the fourth round fell down when missing with a swinging right. He was receiver-general for most of the punishment, and in the seventh round he appeared quite groggy. Marlow followed up his advantage, and practically had his man stopped when the referee interfered and gave Marlow the verdict.

Bert Smith, of Edmonton, and Young Bending, of Holloway, were contestants in a ten-round battle. It was evenly fought up to the conclusion of the tenth round. Smith appeared to have done the cleverest and most effective work, and was declared the winner.

* * *

MR. A. G. BETTINSON is rapidly recovering from his recent accident, and manages to attend the National Sporting Club meetings. Several well-known physicians gave his case up as a hopeless one, and declared that he would never again be able to walk without the use of crutches; but Professor Atkinson, the famous bone-setter, took the case in hand, and by cleverly operating on the injured foot he soon had Mr. Bettinson on the road to recovery.

* * *

HARRY BROWN, the black, made short work of Jack Green, an American "pug," when they fought at Liverpool the other night. Green was knocked about in a merciless manner for four rounds before he hoisted a signal of distress.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, 9st champion, will be twenty-six years of age on February 6, and, curious to say, that is the date set for his meeting with Jack Fitzpatrick, of Liverpool. They contest the ownership of £500 and the 9st championship at the Bolingbroke Club, and, as both men have a large following, the fight will create a vast amount of interest.

Spurden will remain at Cambridge till after Christmas, when he will start in training either at Brighton or Margate. He feels confident that he will retain the championship, and looks forward to the winning of the £500 as an excellent birthday gift.

* * *

THOMAS DEVLIN, late of America, is matched to fight William Ross at Free Trade Hall, Manchester, December 28, for the gate receipts. Should Devlin prove a winner, he will visit London and seek a customer for a battle to be decided either at the National Sporting Club or Central Hall for a purse.

* * *

PAT DALEY, of New York, is gradually enlisting many friends in his behalf because of the recent victories he has scored in limited round bouts at Central Hall. He has a most peculiar method of milling, and it has proved a puzzler to the London brigade of scrappers. We can't say that we admire his style, but he manages to secure the honours, and so long as he comes out victorious there appears to be little ground for criticism.

* * *

PETER JACKSON proposes exhibiting in various parts of the kingdom before he returns to America. The black is already booked at several music-halls at a liberal salary, and unless he gives a better exhibition of boxing than he did at the National Sporting Club his appearances will not excite a great deal of interest amongst the lovers of scientific boxing.

* * *

THE lesser lights of the London brigade of scrappers delight in successive tapping hits when engaged in a glove contest, believing such blows will count as points in their favour at the end of a bout. They no doubt forget that no two men who mean fight and go in for rugged work will finish a battle in less than half a dozen rounds. Scoring points is all very well for a competition bout between amateurs, but what tells the tale in a professional meeting is straight, hard punching. One well-directed blow will always wipe off any lead scored by tapping hits. In the Burge-Pritchard contest Burge went all over the middle-weight champion for a round, and created a lot of false hope amongst the North-countrymen. When Ted put in a good hit it settled all the tapping business, and practically incapacitated Burge from doing any more scoring.

* * *

CHARLEY MITCHELL reports Ted Pritchard as getting in superb condition for his fight with the Coffee Cooler, and declares that when the pair meet the public will see Pritchard in as good form as he was when he beat Jem Smith.

* * *

BILLY PLIMMER disposed of Charley Kelley in a most decisive fashion in New York State, November 26. It was Plimmer from the start to the finish, and halfway through the third round Kelley was only too pleased to have the battle stopped and the verdict given to Plimmer.

* * *

BILLY VERNON, an aspirant for honours in the 10st division, was easily beaten by Bobby Dobbs, a coloured light-weight, on the same night. There was some talk of pitting Vernon against Dick Burge, but from the form he displayed it would be a difficult matter to induce any fistic manager to supply the necessary backing.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT announces that he will never return to England unless on a short visit, because he finds business as a pugilist a profitable one abroad, and declares himself an American citizen.

* * *

BILLY SMITH, the mysterious, still awaits a reply from Tom Williams. He is prepared to do battle in this country or will allow expenses for Williams to visit the States.

PETER MAHER, the Dublin heavy-weight, now in the States, says he will come here at any time to fight either Peter Jackson or Frank Slavin, providing the National Sporting Club will give a suitable purse.

* * *

BILL MILES, of Islington, is making vast improvement on his boxing form, and it is likely he will shortly seek a battle with some of the middle weights. Being in constant practice with Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, he has been afforded an excellent opportunity of procuring a considerable amount of knowledge which should prove of value to him.

* * *

THE death of Bill Fisher, whose hale and stalwart figure was to be seen at nearly all race meetings, brings to our mind the fact that the revolution of Fortune's wheel is never more rapid than in the world of sport. Bill owned racehorses and did legitimate betting when three-parts of the wealthy "bookies" of to-day started, but there is a topsy-turvydom in the sporting world, and soon poor Bill left off where the others commenced.

Bill was a gambler to his heart. If he made a book and laid against them, he still had the gambler's craze to back something, and often the money he had won on the book, and in fact all Bill had taken, went on some fancy—result, empty satchel and punters left lamenting.

It is recorded on one occasion that Bill made a record. He pawned and borrowed until a fiver was the result, and with this amount he ran into about a couple of thou. But Bill never could keep money. That night, at the Albion in New Bridge Street, hampers of champagne were ordered, and the tavern absolutely drenched with the sparkling. All were invited.

Those drank champagne who never drank before,
And those who always drank, now drank the more.

Bill was big and strong enough to have fought for the championship; but like a great many others who live a free and careless life, Fisher had no stomach for fighting. It is on record that Bill did have a turn up once, in which he was seconded by Tom Tully of West-end fame. "Tom," said Fisher, when the battle had proceeded some little time, "how am I going on?" "Why," returned his second, in order to encourage Bill, "you're a favourite." "Well," replied Fisher, turning up the job, "I'll leave off while I'm a favourite."

* * *

A DEVOTED follower of Bill Fisher was Bill Macklin, otherwise "Hoppy." Macklin had been a soldier, and was invalided home from the island of Cephalonia, where a sunstroke had contracted the muscles of his leg, and thus caused his sobriquet. The last time we saw "Hoppy" (he had been on the retired list) he had a poisoned arm, which was bandaged, and this, in addition to his contracted leg, gave Bill the appearance of a warrior home from the wars.

Macklin then informed us that he was about taking a ben in his own name (Bill doesn't always run in his right monniker); and we thought no more of the matter until we were to a certain extent brought upstanding one day down Poplar way, which showed us—if showing were necessary—how records are made.

Now we don't think Bill has ever seen a shot fired in anger. He is only fifty-five years of age, yet here is his record as taken from the poster down Poplar way: "Bill Macklin had served his country and his Queen in the Crimean War, 1854 to '56; in India under Sir Henry Havelock, 1856-7; China under Sir Hugh Rose, 1860, and innumerable other campaigns too numerous to mention." Now, if this is not a record of which to be proud, tell us what is. We don't know whether Hoppy had a bumper at the Hope, in Banner Street, but with such a record we think he did.

* * *

A BROKEN nose, which used to be considered the trade mark by which a bruiser might be known, is often received by accident, and not in the ring—notably in the cases of Alec Keene and old Joe Rowe. When a boy Alec Keene was employed at a gas-meter works (gas was then in its infancy) in St. Martin's Lane, near the Mitre, afterwards proprietored by Ould Nat Langham. Boys were then much as they are now, and young Alec was playing a game in those days very popular, and known as "Hi-bobbre," when he ran against some iron posts situated in a court in King Street, where Debenham and Storr's, the auctioneers', now stands, and which at one time were conspicuous in London as marking the parish boundaries.

We have seen it stated that Alec had his nasal organ broken in his fight with "the Young Greek," but in a conversation with Moss Defries, nephew of the celebrated Defries, founder of the firm, late of Houndsditch, and now of the Viaduct, who worked in the gas-meter factory with Alec Keene, and who himself had a turn-up for a tenner with the Belasco who used to keep a night-house in Panton Street, in the gravel pits, Gravel Lane, Houndsditch, over fifty years ago. Old Moss, who is well and hearty, is the Jewish chronicler of the prize ring, and in front of Joe Aaron's bar in Petticoat Lane Moss will tell the story of the old fights—how they were lost and won; and how he took Johnny Gideon (well known now as a big Paris Turf commissioner, and in the long ago for his connection with Tom Sayers) to his first fight.

Joe Rowe was backed (so he assures us) by the father of Lear Drew, the biscuit baker (to whom Henry Downes-Miles dedicated his "Pugilistica"). Lear Drew's father then kept the Three Herrings, Creed Lane (now through City improvements scarcely recognisable). Like most publicans of the time, old Drew was very fond of having a bit on the fancy, the objects of his especial patronage being Tom Smith, the "East-end Sailor Boy," and Joe Rowe.

Old Joe Rowe, who is now in his 76th year, with an arm like an oak sapling, says he can remember from three years of age. We suppose he remembers when his nose was broken, as he told us, not in the ring, but in a bout with gloves with George Church. We forget now whether this bout took place at the Three Herrings, but we can assure the readers of THE MIRROR OF LIFE that it did take place, and that old Joe's nose was broken with the gloves, and not with the fists.

Joe Rowe was a coal whipper by trade, and worked beside Jem Ward's brother, whom Rowe describes as wonderfully clever, but with no heart. He was born in the neighbourhood of Ratcliff Highway, where the father of a present high priest of boxing, whose temple is situated close to Covent Garden, kept a pub. This gentleman was cradled, we believe, in the lap of pugilism, for Joe Rowe avers he was the "high priest's" first dry nurse.

* * *

THE raid on the Albert Club has no doubt been provocative of much inconvenience and trouble to its members, but there are many not only connected with the Albert, but also with other clubs of high standing, who in the long ago played the game of "pieman," otherwise "three up," on the old ruins in the Farringdon Road.

The policeman was not a rarity then, and some of these members will no doubt recollect the phrase "pinning the crow." At "pieman" the caller used to bet on his call, and there was often a heap of money on the ground. Now, the desire of the "force" in the old days (policemen are much more moral now) was to capture the money and not the gamblers. In order to obviate capture the gamblers usually had a "looker-out," who gave the office when the police were in view.

Of course, before a raid could be carried out it was necessary to capture the "looker-out," otherwise "pin the crow." This could only be effected by strategy. Systematically taking advantage like a sharp-shooter of every bit of cover, the bobbies were on the "crow" before he was aware of their whereabouts, and having "pinned" or secured their capture a raid on the bookies became an easy process.

* * *

FRANK BRIERLEY, a clever Liverpool pugilist, is in Boston, U.S.A., seeking a match with some of the 7st 7lb lads for a suitable purse.

* * *

YOUNG GRIFFO, the Australian pugilist, is becoming weary of the States, and wants to return home. He contemplates a visit to England, and after engaging in one or two contests here he will set sail for Sydney.

* * *

SOLLY SMITH, who was beaten by George Dixon, recently lost a fight on a foul in the fifth round to Oscar Gardner, at Buffalo, New York.

* * *

ACCORDING to cable advices Stanton Abbott and Jimmy Handler, a pupil of Bob Fitzsimmons, fought for a purse at the Eureka Athletic Club rooms on December 3. The men were restricted to 9st 7lb each on entering the ring. Handler had the best of it almost from the first. In the fourth round he punished his opponent severely, and Abbot not responding to the call of time, Handler was declared the victor.

* * *

THE police authorities are having a rare time of it in New York City. Some years ago, when John L. Sullivan participated in a series of shows in Madison Square Garden, it was necessary for the management to part with 500 dollars to the police captain of that district before each show could be held. Now the Lexow Committee are exposing the frauds of the police in New York City, and at the investigation, December 6, William A. Brady, who is the manager for James J. Corbett, the champion pugilist, came before the committee, and said, in the course of his evidence, that when Corbett sparred with Mitchell at the Madison Square Garden they were compelled to give 25 per cent. of the receipts to the police, in order to prevent them raiding the place. In answer to further questions, Mr. Brady replied they paid 1,200dols. to one officer. Mitchell violently objected to this payment, he said, and declared that such a proceeding would be impossible in London.

* * *

JEM MACE and Dick Burge called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office on Friday morning, and Dick informed us that he had made the match to fight Pritchard at the National Sporting Club.

The reason he assigned for making the match at the above institution was because his backer was a member of the National, and he desired the contest should take place there.

"Personally," said Burge, "I do not care where the contest takes place; and if the Bolingbroke would give the money offered, their club would suit me as well as any other were I alone in the matter."

* * *

GEORGE WARE, the pugilistic agent, has a watch to which is attached a history. George unearthed the "ticker" in a pawnbroker's shop in Great Queen Street. He was first attracted by the appearance of the watch in the shop window as that of something he had seen before. Acting on the impulse George entered the shop, and, requesting to look at the watch, opened the cases, and then found that he was not mistaken.

What George found was this: "From F. M. and T. S. to J. C. H." (from Farmer Bennett and Tom Sayers to John Carmel Heenan). All the above have now gone over to the great majority, and the question arises, as Heenan died at Benecia, how this watch found its way to the shop of a London pawnbroker.

The supposition is that Heenan, not being in the best of circumstances at his death, may have parted with the watch beforehand, or it may have been stolen from his effects after his decease.

The most curious thing about this watch, however, is that the Squire (the late Mr. Abington Baird), prior to his ill-fated journey to America in company with Teddy Bayley, Charley Mitchell, and Hall, to back the latter in his fight with Fitzsimmons, bought the watch from George Ware, and desired that George should discard the old cases and place the works in heavy gold ones, the "Old Reliable," as Ware is called, fixing the price at £30.

Everybody knows that the Squire caught cold seconding Hall, which cold developed pneumonia, and caused a most agonising death. Therefore George has the watch left on his hands, and its heavy two-ounce gold cases are wearing holes in his fob.

* * *

No sport—we will not give the palm to football—is more strongly imbued in the breast of the Britisher than boxing. Until Frank Hinde inaugurated his now celebrated competitions how could the crowd see their favourites.

* * *

AND this brings us to the case of the unfortunate Dummy Winters and the still more unfortunate man for assaulting whom he is charged. In putting boxers together the main thing is to see the men are equally matched as regards poundage. Over and over again we have seen men at the "Central" and other places so unequally matched as regards weight that if the contest is not stopped the game little man only goes on with a detrimental result.

Boxing is not one tithe so dangerous as football where men are healthy and well fed, but unfortunately our boxers are recruited from the poorest class, who, except when in training for a match, rarely have that which is most requisite—animal food.

We cited the case in a previous number of Willie Smith. There would have been no champion light weight among the Smiths—a numerous family—had not Sergeant Green seen that the lad had his half a pound of "bull" per diem when training for one of "Uncle Ben's" competitions.

Where boxing has killed one man "vexation of spirit" at defeat has killed ten. Three times did Anthony Noon meet Owen Swift in desperate battles, the third and last resulting in the death of the ill-fated Anthony. The doctor who examined the lad after death stated that he could not find any injury sufficiently serious to account for death. Anthony Noon therefore did not die by the hands of Owen Swift, but through a broken heart consequent on his defeat for the third time at the hands of that celebrated boxer.

* * *

FRANK CRAIG, the Coffee Cooler, feels deeply disappointed over the decision of the Amateur Boxing Association in declining to grant Joe Steers permission to meet him in a glove contest of ten or twenty rounds. All good judges freely admitted, after Craig and Steers had sparred three rounds of two minutes each, that the Coffee Coller finished up with a good lead, and the coloured champion, without hesitation, declared he could have brought matters to a decision in the three rounds had they been of three minutes' duration. Steers laboured under the impression that he had the best of matters, and expressed confidence in his ability to best the Cooler. It was only known to a few intimate friends that when Craig boxed with King and Steers that he was suffering from an injured left arm, and that accounts for his not making use of his left in either bout. Now that he is in good condition he hankers for a go with Steers, and with that end in view he will endeavour to induce the amateur to box him from three to twenty rounds, and have the bout figure as an exhibition, though when Craig does meet Steers he will give the amateur the best he has got so long as the mill lasts.

* * *

PETER JACKSON has adopted David St. John, the Cardiff giant, as a boxing partner, and the pair are appearing this week at the Folies Bergères, Paris; next week they will be at the Canterbury Music Hall.

* * *

YOUNG GRIFFO failed in an attempt to stop Walter Edgerton, the Kentucky Rosebud, in four rounds at Philadelphia, U.S.A., November 30. Griffo had all the best of matters, but he was unable to land the knock-out blow.

* * *

A SUCCESSFUL smoking concert was held at the National Sporting Club on December 7, with Colonel North in the chair. Some of the best music hall talent appeared, and the affair proved a highly successful one.

* * *

Two glove contests were decided in Paris on December 7, for purses. Ted Meacock fought an up-hill battle for fifteen rounds with Sullivan, who, at the finish, easily gained the verdict. Wag Ward faced George Johnson, of Walworth, and for five rounds it was a determined battle for supremacy. Ward wore down his adversary, and in the sixth round got home with a crushing right-hander which knocked Johnson out of time.

* * *

LAWRENCE WALL, of Manchester, has experienced rather a rugged time of it since he abandoned the ranks as an amateur. He has been bested on several occasions, and in a fifteen-round contest with James Moran, of Liverpool, he was beaten into a helpless condition in six rounds. They met at St. James's Hall, Manchester, December 7, to fight at 8st 2lb, for £25 a-side and the gate. Wall was a slight favourite on entering the ring, but before the first round had been contested it was apparent that Moran was no novice at the game. Moran displayed good judgment, and at the end of the fourth round he had much the best of matters. Wall struggled to hold his own, but figured as receiver-general for so many well-placed hits that in the sixth round he fell in a helpless state on the ropes after getting a heavy right-hander on the jaw.

* * *

WHEN Jerry Marshall, the black, was in Australia he was counted a first-class 8st 6lb pugilist, but since his arrival in the States he appears to have lost much of his form. He has suffered defeat several times, and now wants to come here and try his luck. He offers to fight Fred Johnson at 8st 4lb for a suitable purse, providing he is allowed reasonable expense money.

* * *

FRED JOHNSON called at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office on December 8, and stated he was prepared to meet Marshall or any man in the world at 8st 6lb, but should demand a fair-sized purse, and the winner could take the lot or the biggest end. He anticipates a battle with Dave Wallace at 8st 12lb for £100 a-side and an added purse of £100. It will occur the last of January at the National Sporting Club. Johnson appears to be in excellent health, and believes, with a few weeks' training, he can mill in as good form as he ever did.

* * *

"DARKEYS" and "Gingers" appear to be the principal cognomens of the boxers now before the public. At Bob Habbijam's "special" show last week the principal item on his bill of fare was an eight-round contest between "Darkey" Edwards and Tom Cooper, the darkey establishing his superiority very early in the encounter—so early, that all interest in a one-sided display must have ceased in the breasts of the spectators before the end of the eight-rounds contest.

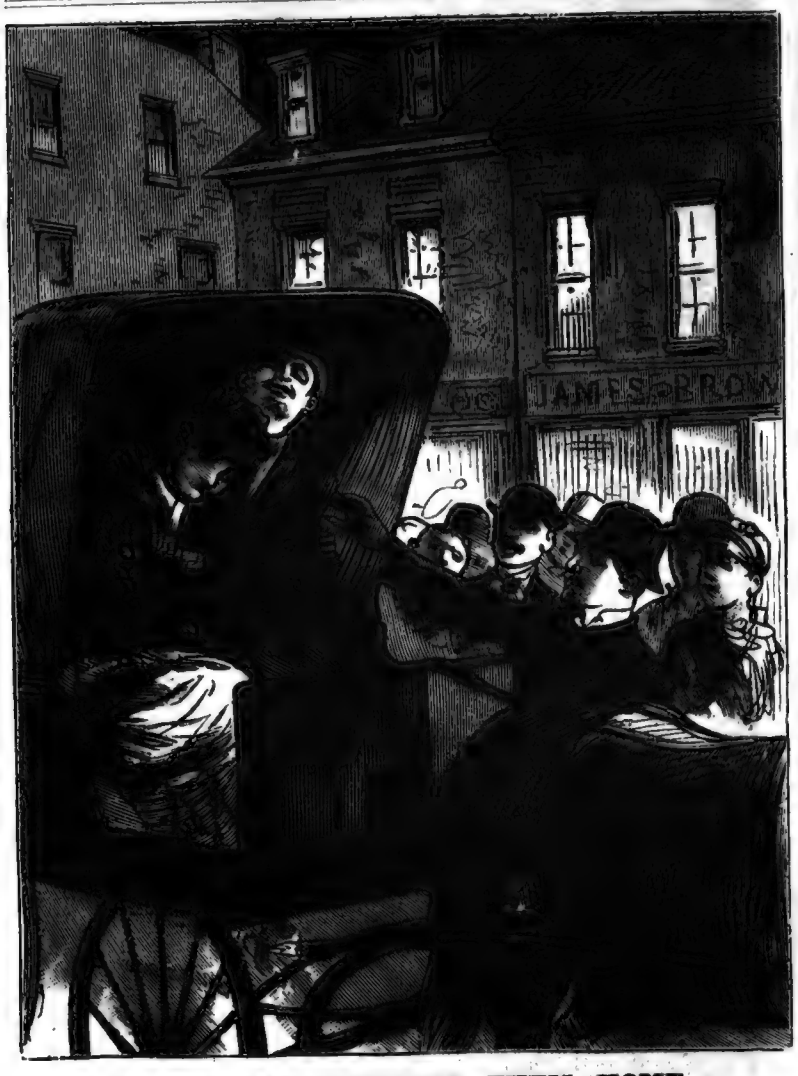
"Bob" being a little fellow himself—it is many years since we saw his maiden spar in public with George Dove at Sadler's Wells Theatre—likes to unearth big 'uns. We believe David St. John is one of "Bob's" finding, and the other evening he introduced a very tall gentleman of colour to his patrons. We don't think any man has much stomach for fight, black or white, if the belly timber is not supporting the structure, so the black gentleman, receiving some nasty knocks in the victualling region from his white adversary, turned it up in the third round—thus *big* expectations were doomed to small realisations.

So far, so good. On Saturday evening we were drawn into a chat at a West-end tavern about the merits of Peter Jackson, and we were rather disgusted to hear that in every public resort which Pete honours with his presence he elevates himself at the expense of Jim Corbett, and his believers are legion who think that Corbett is the man who does not want to fight, and not Peter.

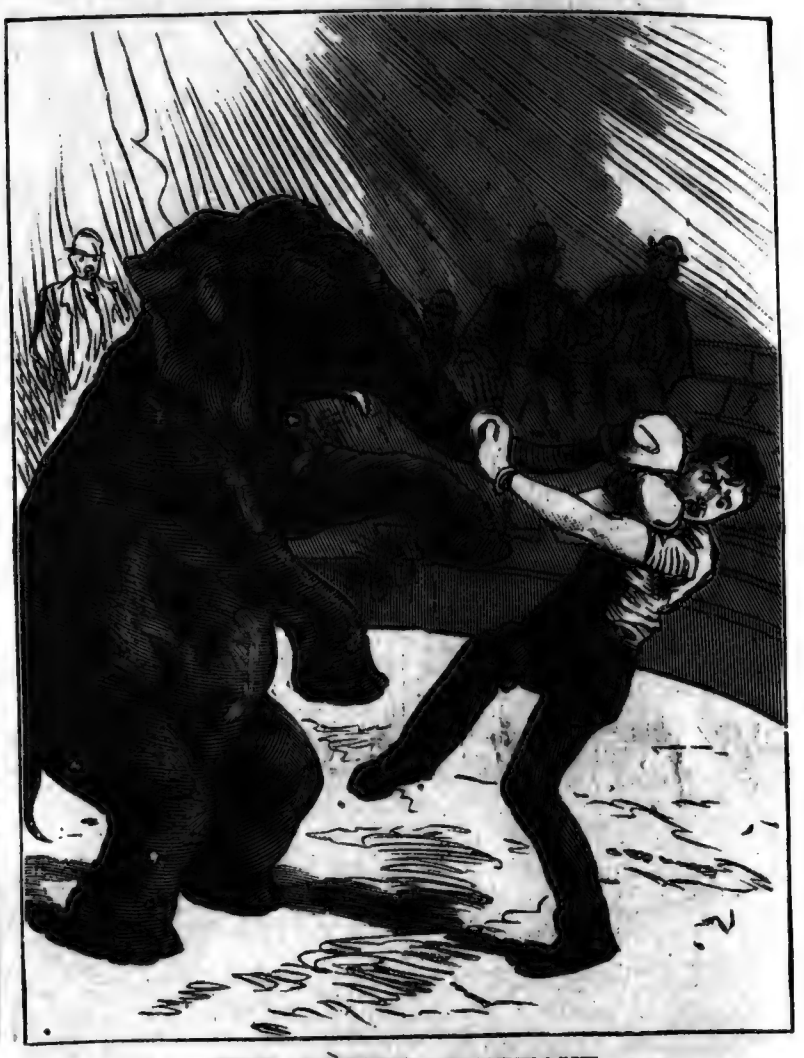
As we know that exactly the reverse is the case, and that when Peter refused to fight in the South Corbett agreed to fight in the North, and give away a great many other conditions not usually given in a championship match, we made our views known; at which a cabman, who had been imbibing his "hot, strong, and sweet," approached and remarked—

"Guv'nor, I hope as how you'll excuse me jining in this ere conversation, but as you were speaking of black men, I'll tell you of a pecooliar succumstance wot 'appened to me last night. A tall black fellow hailed me at the corner of Rathbone Place, and says he, 'Drive me to Fenchurch Street.'

(*Continued on page* 14.)

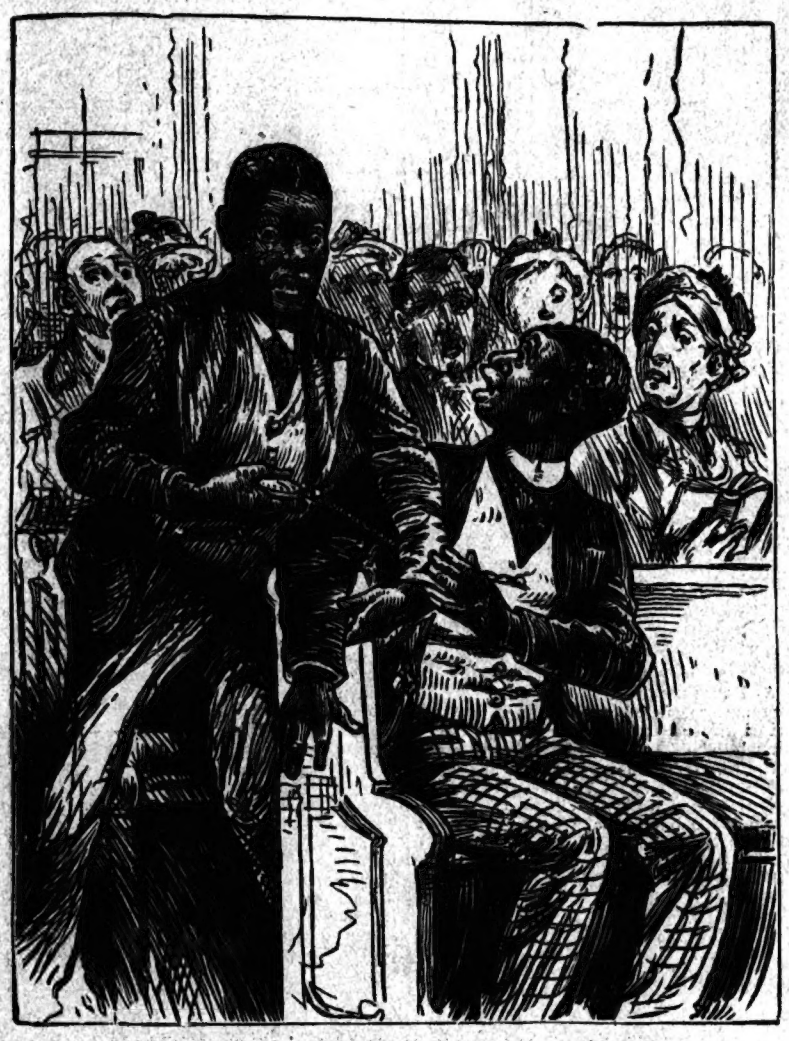


THE HORSE BROUGHT THEM HOME.
A Love-sick Pair Fall Asleep Enjoying a Moonlight Ride.



THE BOXING ELEPHANT.
An Enterprising Circus Manager About to Produce a Novelty.

COWBOYS ON THE RAMPAGE.
A Texas Greengrocer has his Shop Ramped by Riotous Cowboys.



SAMBO DEMANDED HIS PROPERTY.

An Episode Between Two of the Coloured Gentry in a Church.

SHE HELD THE FORT.

A Young Lady Objects to Telegraph Poles Being Placed on Her Plot of Ground.

A PARISIAN SPIRITUALIST EXPOSED.

A Trio of Men About Town Enlighten the Public as to the Manner They are Imposed Upon.

ROUND THE RING.

(*Continued from page* 11.)

"I druv Mr. Blackey to Fenchurch, and when we got there he says, says he, 'Wot's yer fare?' 'Two shillings,' says I. 'Two shillings?' says he; 'why, that's all they give me for boxing! Why, I thought it was sixpence!' Well," continued cabby, "the hupshot of it wos I got a 'bob' out of him, and a hard job it was to get that."

Was this Bob Habbijam's big black? If so, and what he said was true, that two 'bob" was his only reward. We can only say he did not get paid in proportion to his size.

Jem Porter, who used to display himself, and whom we last saw at Bob Habbijam's in a middle-weight contest in which Alexander, of Woolwich, Alec Burns, of Battersea, Bobbett, of Fulham, and Alec Roberts were engaged —a contest which the latter won—gave the fourth of a series of special entertainments at Leytonstone last week, in which Ben Clarke (Bow) beat Jobey Lee (Canning Town), Goody Jacobs (Spitalfields) beat Patsey Sheehan (Shoreditch), Tom Harris (Spitalfields) beat George Newman (Shoreditch), and Charley Ingram (Woolwich) beat George Gent (West Ham).

All these contests were of the most interesting description, more especially that between Tom Harris and George Newman. Harris is like the old-time pugilist, the erstwhile sailor Scroggins, who always considered the bigger the man the better the mark, and whose bull-like rushes by which he won his victories were very similar to those of Harris.

* * *

George Smith, of Wandsworth, expired at King's College Hospital on December 10. The deceased was boxing with "Dummy" Winters, of Australia, a deaf mute, in a six-round contest on November 16, when he received a blow on the ear, which caused his retirement. He discovered later that his jaw was broken, and he was treated at the hospital, but afterwards unwisely ventured out, and, becoming worse, was admitted an in-patient. From Thursday the case has been hopeless, pneumonia having set in, doubtless from suppuration of the jaw.

* * *

Jem Mace's trophies were disposed of, December 10, at Messrs. Stevens's, Covent Garden. The lot consisted of fifteen gold and silver medals, silver belt, with the inscription, "Presented to Jem Mace, champion of England, by *Illustrated Sporting News*, September, 1866;" silver cup presented to Jem Mace by his Birmingham friends on his defeating Bob Brettle, November 5, 1860; silver cup presented to Jem Mace by his Leeds friends, March 22, 1862; silver presentation cup; silver cup presented to Jem Mace by his Dublin admirers, February, 1864. The bidding started at 20gs., and the lot was finally sold for 50gs.

* * *

Tom Denny, the Australian 8st 6lb pugilist, is stopping at Eltham. He is negotiating for a match with Fred Johnson, of Hackney, for a purse.

* * *

George Humphreys and George Parker contested the final bout of an 8st 10lb competition at the Camden Gymnasium, Walthamstow, December 8. The first-named found little trouble in gaining a pronounced advantage in the opening, and was adjudged a winner at the end of the third round.

* * *

Last week we spoke of a son of old Ted Napper who has donned the mittens. This week we notice in a bantam competition at the "Central" a youth rejoicing in the name of Moss, otherwise Young Dutch Sam, who, we were sorry to see, did not score a maiden victory.

This lad is the fourth Dutch Sam who has hailed from Petticoat Lane. His father, Aaron Moss, fought two of the cleverest light-weights of this or any other generation, Jem Gollagher and Jack Drew, by whom it was no discredit to be beaten.

Unfortunately Aaron Moss (Young Dutch Sam) fell into evil ways. Like the Jewish champion, Bendoff, he was frequently to be seen down the "Lane," and we met Moss about a fortnight before his death, which took place as recently as last October, in the Whitechapel Road, and then, we are pleased to remember, we exchanged pleasant greetings.

It is a most remarkable thing that the Jews and the Irish have lived together and fought together. All the "Dutch Sams" fought Irishmen or Irish cockneys, and Aby Belasco, another Jewish champion, fought Jack Randall, the "Prime Irish Boy." Barney Aaron, the "Star of the East," owed his defeat to an Irishman, Frank Redmond, and the colony of Petticoat Lane is composed of a mixture of Irish and Jew.

It has often been asserted that the Irish are the lost tribe. Irishmen object to hard work quite as much as the Jew, and when they leave the land of buttermilk and praties, and come to the land of the dhirty Saxon, whom they affect so much to despise, they become what?

Why, soldiers, policemen, footmen, &c., and if they have received an eleemosynary education at Maynooth, or some other educational establishment, they join the Fleet Street brigade and become journalists or heiress punters.

Mr. Peggy Bettinson, the famous athlete and genial manager of the National Sporting Club, has now, thanks to the skilful treatment of the eminent bonesetter, Professor Atkinson, recovered from his serious accident. This is most gratifying news, as we believe the local medical practitioners contemplated the removal of the limb.

* * *

The death of Mr. W. H. Waldron, late of the Royal Artillery and of the Queen's Head, Smithfield (a house previously proprietored by Posh Price), comes strangely with that of George Smith, a boxer supposed to have received injuries from "Dummy" Winters, which resulted in his death on Monday at King's College Hospital.

Mr. Waldron was the unfortunate proprietor of the Queen's Arms when, during an amateur contest which must be fresh in the minds of some of our readers, a death ensued, made all the more melancholy that it took place in the ring, and that the lad was an apprentice employed in the neighbourhood.

That boxing when lads are of a healthy physique is not so serious as football may be gathered from the statistics of the deaths and injuries from one sport and the deaths and injuries from another.

* * *

Frank Slavin's visit to South Africa seems to be very mythical—perhaps in the dim and distant future. We notice that he will be on hand at the Central Hall this week to give the knock to anyone having the temerity to oppose him. I suppose while Slavin can pick up English gold he will not venture abroad to pick up South African.

We only hope he will have the same material to his hand which we saw him conjure on last week in the person of Bob Marshall, the wrestler. Frank Slavin now and Frank Slavin when we first knew him, six or seven years ago, are two distinct individuals, and the knocker-out may become the knocked if Frank Slavin should have the misfortune to catch a Tartar.

* * *

While competitions are in progress the public will not "in their thousands" patronise them. It is only towards the later stage, when the wasters are weeded out and class comes to the front, that interest is evinced sufficient to bring paying numbers to the Central Hall.

This was noticed on Monday evening, when the initiatory bouts of the 8st and 8st 10lb competitions were set for decision. It did not require much judgment to see that the 8st competition would resolve itself into a match between Sid Phillips and Beach or Knowles; and in the 8st 10lb competition it looked like a gift for Barney Sheppard's original protégé, Bill Corbet, of Lambeth.

* * *

We have received a letter from a prominent sporting man to the effect that we have been misinformed as regards the timekeeper in the Lees-Goode fight some years ago. "It was no fault of any of the officials that some people were dissatisfied. An outside party shouted 'time' before the three minutes had expired. The official timekeeper was a gentleman who thoroughly understood his business, and acted with the utmost fairness to both men."

In 1915: "You needn't tell me that Mary Parsay is not more than twenty-three years old. She's nearer forty-three, and I can prove it."

"But how?"

"Just you watch her when she goes to cross a muddy street. Just notice how she grabs at her trousers to hold them out of the mud—the way women did twenty years ago, when they wore skirts."

FRANK HINDE'S FIXTURES,
CENTRAL HALL, HOLBORN.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 17
(commencing at eight)
GREAT CONTEST (at NINE)
For the Middle-weight Championship and £1,200, between
TED PRITCHARD
(Middle-weight Champion of England)
and
FRANK CRAIG
(the "Coffee Cooler," Middle-weight Coloured Champion of the World).

Prices for this Great Night:—2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., £1, £2, £5.
Box Office now open.

TUESDAY MATINEE, DEC. 18,
For the Benefit of the
"REFEREE" FREE DINNER AND BREAKFAST FUND,
When ALL THE CHAMPIONS WILL COMPETE.

THURSDAY, DEC. 20,
BICKERTON v. GOUGH,
For £75,
and the 8st. 6lb. Championship of the Midlands.

A Paradise for Scrappers. — Our sanctum appears to be a haven for the short-haired fraternity, and though we try hard enough to hold the upper hand, we are pretty certain to finish in the rear whenever we assert our authority. We turn up at eight o'clock in the morning in hopes of wading through the bulk of our work before the place is besieged, but some of the lot are getting cunning, and land on our door-step before we can reach it. It is certainly amusing to hear them "pitch the tale" about who they have beaten, or how they would take their death before they would cry "Enough." We have yet to find one who has not pleaded for a job—not in the ring—stating that any kind of work would be preferable to fighting. The "coves" that cry the hardest for work are the very ones who are constantly struggling to avoid getting a job. Many are really too strong to work, and occasionally you will come in contact with a joker who will preach philanthropy in one breath and whisper for a "bob" or so in the next. Last Friday was our day for doing good to mankind, and we firmly resolved to respond to every demand made upon us. Promptly at nine o'clock we started with a "quid's" worth of silver, determined to stand everybody who was on the "whisper," placing a "bob" as the limit. Before noon-time we were "stoney broke," and had to draw an extra "quid" from the boss of the show. We stole out to lunch, and on our return the jokers we had stood in the morning had departed, but a fresh lot were on hand to fill the vacant chairs. What we had left of our second "quid" rapidly disappeared. Up till six o'clock we were compelled to listen to all the tales pitched at us—as to the best way to hit, stop, and get away. The majority tell the story first class, but they are unable to practise what they preach—at least so it appears when they enter the ring.

* * *

We Deny the Allegation.—One of our news gatherers informed us the other day that there is a man in town who claimed to have taught Frank Craig all he knows about fighting, and after bringing the Coffee Cooler to this country and starting him in his successful career the coloured champion left him in a "hole." Craig denies the allegation, and, according to Craig's statement, the party who is heaping so much abuse on the unassuming and clever black came here at Craig's expense—nay, he received more. The Cooler got tired of doing all the work, and then parting with half his salary to a man he had no confidence in, and a split was the result. Even after the split Craig gave the party £15, with the distinct understanding that he should return home. Did he do so? We should say not; but, instead, he has acted as an adviser to everyone who has attempted to face Craig, as a fitting display of gratitude.

We are proud to say that Ted Pritchard declined to tolerate the same party when he advanced a proposition to render his services as adviser gratuitously. Frank Hinde was requested to inform his patrons in Central Hall the other night about the ill (?) treatment, but Frank is too accustomed to meeting such an element to be easily hoodwinked into rehearsing an outrageous fabrication.

* * *

If what we hear be true, a shipload of fistic talent will depart from these shores early in January for the United States. Castles of magnitude have been built for them, and each one is labouring under the delusion that he will jump at once into independence on reaching the land of the Stars and Stripes. The herring pond is estimated at something like 3,000 miles in distance, and those who do start from here should avail themselves of a return passage, because it is too long a distance for even an ex-champion long-distance swimmer to cover, though he be guarded with a life-preserver.

Time brings about many changes in the sporting world. Last summer we had a conversation in the "Cri" with Dick Burge, and he was free in his denunciations of the National Sporting Club, and went so far as to declare that he advised Corbett not to fight Peter Jackson at that place. He appeared to gloat over the fact that his advice had the effect of inducing Corbett to decline the National Sporting Club's purse. What have we now? An actual appeal on the part of Burge to fight Ted Pritchard in February at the very place he was so free in condemning. The men are matched, and ask for a £500 purse. Will Mr. Fleming condescend to accommodate a man who did his utmost a few months back to injure the premier boxing club of England?

* * *

Prepared for the Future.—We are suffering from an injured right hand, and if our Ring gossip is not as lively as it has been in the past don't blame us. Most public characters who suffer from an injured hand can lay it to an impromptu boxing bout or a scramble for keeps in the street, but we are sorry to say that our ailment has come from another source. There are many people who regard it as a smart trick when shaking hands to exert themselves to their fullest capacity to give a man's hand a frightful squeeze in hopes of impressing upon the victim's mind that he is up against a Tartar. We went up against such a snag the other day, and though we have always had the reputation of being game we let forth a squeal loud enough to be heard miles away. We are on the track of the loafer who served us such a dirty trick, and when he again falls into the clutches of the law we shall ventilate his career as much as possible. It was three days before we could write a line, and we expect fully a fortnight's time will elapse before we will have our hand in its normal condition. Smart trick, eh? We shall see. The end hasn't come yet, and we are patiently nursing the injured member to have it in good condition by the time the miscreant drops into the meshes of the law. When anybody thrusts a hand before us for a salutation, we survey him with suspicion from head to feet, and then only the tips of the fingers of the left hand are brought forward merely out of common courtesy.

* * *

Our Dignity Assailed.—We are in the habit of wearing our hair quite long in order to present a professional appearance, and it naturally affords us an opportunity to walk about with a dignified air; again, we can always be singled out in a large throng by those who appreciate a glimpse of a noted individual. We had our dignity assailed in the cruellest possible manner the other night, and it will be many a day before we recover from the shock. Visiting a boxing show, we made a move to advance into a conspicuous portion of the hall, when one of the unwashed shouted, "'Ere 'e is!" and almost instantaneously five hundred gods of the gallery started whistling, "Johnny, get your hair cut." We felt our hair, and all laughed in chorus. We profess modesty, and when the attack was made we could have sunk into the bowels of the earth had it been possible, but finding ourselves held out as the figure head we flew—yes, we fairly flew, and had it not been for our wind giving out we should still be on the move.

THEY STOLE A MOURNING COACH.

Nothing is sacred to burglars, not even a mourning coach. The other night at least two of the fraternity broke into Messrs. Burridge's yard, in Amhurst Road, Hackney, and stole a mourning coach and two black stallions. It is supposed that they were dressed in the approved style of undertakers' men, clambered over the wall, yoked the horses to the vehicle, then removed the locks from the gate, and drove off as if to attend a country funeral. Before leaving they filled the coach with harness and other articles of considerable value to those engaged in the burial line. Probably they would have taken a hearse if one had been accessible. At all events, when the stableman arrived about six o'clock in the morning he found the funeral chariot, with its trappings of woe, gone, also the stallions. In their place was a large fire blazing brightly; but whether this was lighted designedly or was the result of accident is at present a mystery. Information was given to the police and a description of the stolen property circulated. Soon afterwards a constable found two horses and a mourning coach leisurely strolling along Frith Street, Soho, without anyone in charge. The thieves had abandoned them after safely securing somewhere the harness which had been stowed inside the vehicle. Meanwhile the spurious "undertaker's men" have buried themselves out of sight.

Maude: "What is the trouble between Alice and Kate?"

Ethel: "Why, you see, Alice asked Kate to tell her just what she thought of her."

Maude: "Yes."

Ethel: "Kate told her."

WE ARE INFORMED

— That E. J. Lonnen will take to the music-hall stage, and is booked to appear at the Alhambra on Boxing night.

* * *

— That Minnie Cunningham is appearing at the Palace Theatre, Manchester.

* * *

— That Pony Moore was robbed of a valuable diamond shirt stud and his watch and chain the other night. He was leaving the Washington Music Hall to enter his brougham when two roughs got in, and while the vehicle was in motion Pony was drugged and deprived of his belongings. One of the culprits was captured, and the watch and chain recovered.

* * *

— That Mons. Ganivet found the English climate too trying, and is now sojourning in the South of France for the benefit of his health.

* * *

— That the senior member of the Fletcher troupe of skating acrobats died in New York recently.

* * *

— That Charles Morritt will continue to give a strictly music-hall performance at the Eden Theatre of Varieties.

* * *

— That a troupe of French dancers have been added to the list of talent now performing at the Royal Aquarium.

* * *

— That Frank Craig, the Coffee Cooler, is rehearsing a song written specially for him by Mr. J. H. Woodhouse, of Leeds, and will appear for the week commencing December 24 at the Britannia Theatre, Glasgow.

* * *

— That the death of Miss Victoria Vokes on Sunday week reminds us of the death of her brother Fred, the principal member of the once famous Vokes family.

Strange to say, Fred, like his sister Victoria, died suddenly on a Sunday—June 3, 1888. Fred was even more celebrated for his sprightly movements in gastronomy than in the terpsichorean art. Fred was an enormous trencherman, and when playing at the Alhambra and Drury Lane in "The Belles of the Kitchen" he often lunched at Mrs. Mitchell's, the Downs Hotel, Epsom.

When the late Mrs. Mitchell knew Fred was coming she used to provide a large shoulder of mutton for the contortionist's special delectation. This Fred used to devour down to the bone, and often order a follow.

Fred Vokes won many a wager by his gastronomic feats. Like the famed Milo, the Cretonian, who slew an ox with one blow and ate it at one meal, Fred, if he could not exactly rival his famous prototype, could eat his own weight in the course of a week.

* * *

— That Sir Augustus Harris made upwards of £1,500 profit from the fancy dress ball at Covent Garden Theatre.

* * *

That tip-up seats will be fitted in the balcony at Drury Lane, those in the pit having proved successful.

* * *

— That "Money" will be played for the last time at the Garrick on Friday, December 21.

* * *

— That Miss Victoria Vokes, one of the celebrated Vokes family, died on Sunday, December 2, aged forty-one.

* * *

— That Mr. Charles Frohman has purchased the American rights of "The Derby Winner."

* * *

— That the new Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton, opened for the first time last Monday with "Utopia, Limited."

* * *

— That "The Gay Chaperon" was produced for the first time at the Royal Munster, Bootle, on Thursday, November 22, and "A World of Trouble" at the Grand, Birmingham, on Monday, December 3.

* * *

— That at a meeting of music-hall proprietors held on Friday last at the St. James's Restaurant, at which about seventy were present, it was proposed that the licensing of halls should be removed from the London County Council to the Lord Chamberlain.

* * *

— That the Folly, Manchester, will probably go into liquidation shortly.

* * *

— That Messrs. Sheard and Co. have obtained an injunction against a rival firm of publishers for an infringement of the copyright of "The Little Alabama Coon."

* * *

— That Miss Rose Sylvester is now making progress towards recovery.

* * *

— That Mr. Charles Coborn obtained £60 and costs against the Palace Theatre of Varieties on Friday last for refusing to let him fulfil his contract.

* * *

— That Ernest Webb, who was at one time stage manager at the Rose-common Music Hall, Liverpool, was ordered to pay 40s. compensation on a charge of setting fire to that hall.

* * *

— That the opening of the new Empire, Johannesburg, has been most successful.

* * *

— That Flo Magilton will make her first appearance at the Middlesex on Saturday next.

* * *

— That the Sisters Fortescue left Liverpool for America last week.

* * *

— That Marie Kendall met with a nasty accident last week while returning from rehearsal at the Pavilion Theatre, being thrown from her trap. She is progressing favourably.

* * *

— That Miss Caroline Cushman, of the Black Swan Trio, died suddenly at Cardiff on Monday week of heart disease.

* * *

— That Miss Venie Fortescue, of the Sisters Fortescue, will be married on March 1 to Mr. Joe Cohen.

A FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

How an Ill-Used Wife Recovered the Affections of Her Husband.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A CERTAIN young society lady near Brompton has for some time suspected her husband as being faithless to his marriage vows, and it has caused her no end of worry. It was only by accident that she detected her husband paying considerable attention to the wife of one of his most intimate friends, and it was a question of a few days before she convinced the wronged husband that some immediate steps were necessary to break off the attachment. The guilty couple accepted every opportunity of being in each other's company, and when they were enjoying a *tête a tête*, the wronged couple pounced in on them in the drawing-room, displaying considerable affection for each other. The scene created a vast amount of jealousy on the part of the erring husband, who finally accepted the situation as a lesson to in future appreciate the affections of a loyal wife.

A PARISIAN SPIRITUALIST EXPOSED.

A Trio of Men About Town Enlighten the Public as to the Manner They are Imposed Upon.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THERE are many people who are foolish enough to believe in spiritualism, and when a séance is announced it invariably draws a goodly-sized crowd at exorbitant prices. In Paris the other day one of the fraudulent mediums was exposed by a trio of men about town. Voices were heard from dead relatives of the spectators, and when in the midst of the programme one of the doubters turned up the gas, whilst another pulled aside a curtain, exposing a female in semi-nude attire. The trio were liberal in their denunciation of the fraud, and gave the perpetrators warning not to again attempt such an imposition on the Parisians.

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What Price the Company at Oxford this Week?
I have appointed W. HODGSON, nephew of MacDermott and J. H. Milburn, my Assistant Manager.
"And we are all workers."
Did you see interview last week?

— That Mr. Barnato, the Diamond King, went out to Africa with his brother when he was yet a lad, and the two penniless youths, who are now millionaires, have known what it is to suffer the pinch of poverty. In their early days in Africa the brothers used to turn an honest penny by performing conjuring tricks in public.

* * *

— That in compliance with a requisition from twenty clubs belonging to the Rugby Football Union a special general meeting of the Union will be held on Friday evening, December 28, to consider the subject of professionalism.

* * *

— That Mr. Justice Kekewich in the Chancery Division heard a motion on the action of the Alhambra Company against Morris Cronin, the famous juggler, who was engaged on April 24 last to perform at the big hall under an agreement which gave the company the right to renew the engagement. They now claimed that Cronin was breaking the agreement by engaging to perform at the Empire, notwithstanding notice of renewal given to him. The Judge pointed out that the notice was not given within the time specified. The motion was dismissed.

* * *

— That if a lion and a strong horse were to pull in opposite directions the horse would pull the lion backwards with comparative ease. But if the lion were hitched behind the horse, and facing in the same direction, and were allowed to exert his strength in backing, he could easily pull the horse down upon his haunches, or drag him along, so much greater is his strength when exerted from the hind legs than in forward pulling.

* * *

— That the hearing of Mr. Charles Coborn's action against the Palace Theatre Co. for breach of contract was resumed before Mr. Justice Lawrance. Mr. Coborn claimed £60 for dismissal. The defence was that he broke a clause of his contract, which provided that no artist would be allowed to address an audience except in the regular course of his performance. Some professional evidence was heard, and judgment, with costs, was given for Mr. Coborn for the amount claimed.

* * *

— That the *Sphinx* is responsible for the following extract from, and comments on, a recent playbill announcing a circus at present running in Cairo:

"We are calmly informed that the circus comprises 'the most numerous and elegant equestrial company;' that the place is 'light-up' with electric light; that 'the direction as engaged an equestrial theacher, who will give lesson in the circus;' that some of the seats are 'numerated' (meaning thereby numbered), and ye gods and little fishes! that 'six boxes have been specially made for the harcems with private entrance!' Whether the private entrances are a perquisite of the boxes, the harcems, or the occupant, deponent sayeth not."

* * *

— That a Chatham football player named Bell, known by the familiar sobriquet of "Daisy Bell," imperilled his life the other night by foolishly jumping out of an express train at the Chatham and Dover Company's Rochester Bridge Station. He had been playing in a match at Faversham, and, finding the train did not stop at Rochester Bridge, he opened the carriage door and sprang out, intending to alight on the platform, but the door struck him and knocked him on to the line. He was removed to the local hospital, where he lies in a precarious condition.

MISS SERELEAF: "I can remember things that occurred in my early childhood."

Miss Slydig: "Can you? What system do you use for so wonderfully strengthening the memory?"

FAIR SUFFERER: "Doctor, are corns always caused by wearing shoes that are too tight?"

Chiropodist: "Not always, ma'am. That's what causes 'em in the case of your friend, Miss Biggins, across the way. Her feet was made to fit a No. 6 shoe, and she's a-trying to crowd 'em into a No. 4. Yours, ma'am, is produced by wearing too large a shoe, which makes wrinkles in the leather and causes friction agin the cuticle."

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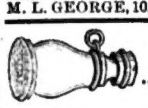
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